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## CHRONICLE.

The Queen.

HER MAJESTY left Windsor and Portsmouth on Monday for Cherbourg and Grasse, arriving at the latter place on Wednesday.

Both Houses had on *Friday* week what may be called an omnibus evening, nothing that happened in either being of political interest comparable to that of the announcement of the enormous Unionist victory at Aston Manor, by a majority of all but three thousand, in a constituency which the Gladstonians, though not sanguine, had by no means despaired of winning, and where the Unionist majority in 1886 was scarcely more than a quarter what it is now. The Lords busied themselves chiefly with the certainly eccentric conduct of the Royal Academy in selecting Good Friday, Easter Eve, and Easter Monday as "sending-in" days. The Commons, among other things, finished the consideration of the Lords' amendments to the Tithes Bill, agreeing with some and disagreeing with others; then they turned to the Crofter Act of 1886 and the Sunday Opening of Museums. None of these matters approached in gravity a short conversation on the protest of Newfoundland against the proposed arbitration and Bill, the subject being, at Mr. SMITH's request, adjourned to Monday.

In the House of Lords on *Monday* Lord SALISBURY made an important statement, as did Mr. SMITH in the Lower House, respecting the Newfoundland Bill. The colonists had, it seems, been already informed that, as nearly a month would pass before the second reading in the Upper House and a full month in the Lower, they would have ample opportunity of stating their case, not to mention that by taking proper measures themselves they could obviate any legislation at all. Then the Lords considered the Commons' treatment of their amendments to the Tithe Bill, disagreeing with the Lower House on the point of solicitors' costs, and altering some phrases, but otherwise yielding. The Commons themselves heard not only Mr. SMITH's statement, but one from Mr. RAIKES, as to the Boy Messengers difficulty. There was next some discussion on the Scotch Private Bill Procedure Bill, which, to please some (not all) Scotch members and Mr. GLADSTONE, was put off till after Easter. And then the House indulged in one of its curious debauches of "calling attention" on the motion that the SPEAKER do leave the Chair. Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE "called attention" to the sale of glebe lands, and, according to Mr. COBB (whom we are quite content to let judge Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE), wanted to sell the land for less than its fair value to labourers; Mr. BRYCE to the Foreign Office and its connexion with the Diplomatic and Consular Services, and the relations of these Services to each other; Admiral FIELD to reformatory and industrial school ships; Mr. CALDWELL to the Crofter Commission; Mr. HOWARD VINCENT to certain commercial treaties; Dr. CAMERON again to the battle between the Boy Messengers and Mr. RAIKES. It cannot be said that the time of the House was exactly wasted on any of these subjects, but naturally they give little room for comment.

The Lords met on *Tuesday* merely to receive the news that the Commons had "agreed to the Lords' Amendments" to the Commons' Amendments to the Lords' Amendments (*Mon Dieu! quel style!* as a Frenchman would justly cry). This agreement had not been given without a certain amount of wrangling and some half-dozen divisions, in which, however, the Welsh malcontents and their backers were invariably outvoted by large majorities. Another wrangle on the Electoral Disabilities Removal Bill was raised by Dr. CLARK—a remarkable example of the immortal

truth that *magis magnos clericos non sunt magis magnos sapientes*—who was appeased to some extent by being allowed to talk on the financial grievances of the Scotch people. Then, after some miscellaneous business, the House adjourned, at an early dinner-hour, over Wednesday. The most agreeable observation of a rather mixed afternoon was Mr. LABOUCHERE's, that "When a lawyer showed anything like indignation, there was invariably something concealed behind it." Could Mr. LABOUCHERE possibly have been thinking of the LORD CHANCELLOR and the JACKSON case?

On *Thursday* both Houses met for formal business, and the Royal Assent was given to several Bills, the most interesting being the Tithe Bill, and a private Bill vesting SHAKESPEARE'S birthplace in trustees. The adjournment then took place, in the case of the Upper House till the 14th of April, of the Lower till Monday week.

A very satisfactory Indian Budget was announced at the end of last week.—On Wednesday the details of a boundary arrangement between Italy and the British East Africa Company were published. These are satisfactory, giving ample range of country eastward of the Lakes and the Nile to the Company, which, however, it appears (though the statements made last week as to filibustering from the Free State have been elaborately toned down in an evident *communiqué* to the *Times*), will have to look out sharp as to the VAN KERCKHOVEN expedition to Lado, an enterprise clearly prompted by Mr. STANLEY'S, and too likely to be conducted on his methods. The Italians themselves are reported as having some difficulties with King MENELEK, in Abyssinia, and it remains to be seen how they will like the proposed Russian expedition under Lieutenant MASHKOFF. It is, of course, purely scientific; but your purely scientific Russian expedition doth a little smack, it doth something grow to. If it be true that the Portuguese have proclaimed martial law in Sofala and Manicaland, it is clear that further negotiation with them is quite useless; but the news seems doubtful.—A sensible and polite proposal on the part of the hard-pressed Servian Government that both King MILAN and Queen NATALIE shall, on handsome terms, go about their business and leave Servia to herself was accepted by him, refused by her.—A curious story has been published about a conversation between Prince BISMARCK and Prince NAPOLEON in 1866, in which the former suggested, with the hearty approval of the heroic and moral PLON-PLON, that France and Germany should join to lay hands on the English colonies [means not stated], "drive Russia back to her steppes" [as per efforts of one FREDERICK, and one, or rather another, NAPOLEON], and reduce all Europe to vassalage. It is impossible yet to say that it is not true. Prince BISMARCK has, or had at that time, about as much humour as any one, and the BONAPARTES have never been famous for that quality.

We have noticed the incidents in Parliament concerning the Newfoundland business. Nevertheless, the Newfoundlanders have continued to rage furiously against the "British yoke." Early in the week there was little news except these ragings. On Tuesday a deputation waited on Mr. SMITH to put the Newfoundland view somewhat more reasonably than Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER did in a letter published at the same time as the report of the interview. Mr. SMITH made an exceedingly careful and very conciliatory reply, directly to the deputation, indirectly to the Newfoundlanders, whose absurd talk about cutting the painter obstinately ignores the fact that, wherever they go, they will carry with them their obligations to France, a nation the least likely of any to abandon her rights. A delegation has, however, been arranged from

the island, and it is hoped that it will present itself in a spirit not entirely out of touch with facts.

On Sunday last Mr. HEALY gave his opinion of Mr. PARNELL at Queenstown, and Mr. PARNELL gave his opinion of Mr. ANTI-PARNELL generally at Drogheda. The graceful chivalry of Mr. HEALY was shown by such decorative appellations as "Brighton Banshee," for a certain lady; the heroic, if somewhat Jonathan-Wildish, constancy of Mr. PARNELL by complete silence about the Cork challenge. Thereat do Anti-Parnellites groan and say, "Shameful!" seeming to forget that the very strength and citadel of Mr. PARNELL's position is that he has long bidden good-bye to any restraints of shame whatever. Also, it is fair to observe that in the subsequent war of challenges, though each party has endeavoured to get the weather-gauge of the other, Mr. PARNELL has not only enveloped his own letters in a style worthy of Mr. GLADSTONE himself, but has throughout stuck to the letter of his first challenge. "If Mr. HEALY 'will go,' said he, 'I will go'—a condition precedent which clearly is not met by Mr. HEALY saying, 'If you 'will go, I will go,' even simultaneously. Meanwhile the other Mr. HEALY, the great TIMOTHEUS, alas! had his eye bulged (as the sweet Irish dialect used to have it) in a Cork hotel and a squabble, which is related with remarkable differences by the two participants. The Tipperary Riot case having at last begun, DALTONS, O'BRIENS, and chimeras dire, one of whom (*teste Timotheo ipso*) bulged great TIMOTHEUS's eye, have gathered at Cork. Mr. MORLEY himself was examined on Wednesday. Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR observed at Liverpool on the same day that, in his opinion, Ireland "had to be saved from Mr. PARNELL." It is, therefore, all over with the latter.

On Friday week the Liverpool Grand National Sport. Steeplechase was won by Mr. JAMESON's Come Away.—In the University Sports the success of Cambridge was very marked, Oxford having only the Mile, the Quarter, and a dead-heat in the Hundred Yards to set against all the other events, which went to their rivals. A return match was in a way provided by the Boat-race on Saturday, in which, as was expected, though only by half a length, and after an exceedingly good and close race in bad weather, Oxford won. The advantage of weight which they possessed is very apt to turn into disadvantage unless it is used with a great deal of generalship, and so well and pluckily did the lighter crew employ its superior dash and speed that it would probably have won if the Oxford stroke had allowed his hand to be forced. On the same day the House of Commons Steeplechase, over the Pytchley country, returned Mr. PEASE's NORA Creina as winner in the 12st. class, and Lord HENRY BENTINCK's Bugler in the heavy weights.

The gift, by an ostensibly anonymous donor, of Miscellaneous. eighty thousand pounds for a Gallery of British Art was announced this day week; and the judgment of the House of Lords in *SHARP v. WAKEFIELD* was published. When the LORD CHANCELLOR, LORD HERSHELL, LORD BRAMWELL, LORD HANNEN, and LORD MACNAGHTEN agree on a point of law, it skills not greatly who impugns their doom. And, indeed, there never could be much doubt that discretion means discretion. Unfortunately, in these faddist days, it frequently also means indiscretion.—The Royal Academy receiving days, in consequence, doubtless, of the conversation in the House of Lords noticed above, have been altered to to-day, Monday, and Tuesday—an arrangement less eccentric than the former, but still inconvenient.—Sir JOHN LUBBOCK talked to the London Chamber of Commerce, on Monday, about one pound notes.—On the same day the charge against Mr. JACKSON, of assaulting his sister-in-law, was dismissed at Clitheroe, with costs; some interim proceedings took place in what is called the baccarat case, the most important result of which was a rather mild punishment of one of the pestilent paragraphs which disgrace journalism nowadays; and the application for a fresh inquest into the singular case of the death of Mrs. CHAMBERLAIN, at Newbury, by shooting, was refused by the Queen's Bench Division.—The Coroner's jury at Gibraltar returned a verdict of accidental death in the *Utopia* case on this day week. The decision of the Marine Court was that the Captain had shown an error of judgment, but not one grave enough to justify the suspension or cancelling of his certificate. The charge of manslaughter was consequently withdrawn.—CHARLES LYDDON, who is a remarkably lucky person, was

acquitted of the murder of his brother at Faversham.

—A great fuss has been made about the Post Office and the Boy Messengers; the fact being that, as usual, the public forgets that the department exists, partly at least, to look after the revenue, and the department forgets that it exists, at least partly, to provide for the convenience of the public.—On Thursday a singularly unsatisfactory and singularly ill-argued reply to the protests against the omission of Italian from the Civil Service list of subjects was published, refusing the prayer for its retention. The Commissioners have found a somewhat unexpected volunteer auxiliary in Mr. A. J. BUTLER, who seems to have infected himself with their logic, noticed elsewhere. For he says that when he was examiner he never dared to set a piece of DANTE. The answer is obvious. Let us have Italian, and an examiner in it who does dare to set DANTE and ploughs his men mercilessly if they cannot do it.—A correspondence on allotments between Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. FYFFE (the Gladstonian historian who asserts that University College, Oxford, was founded by King ALFRED) was published yesterday.—The Maundy money was given for the first time in Westminster Abbey, in consequence of the disuse of the Chapel Royal, Whitehall.

The death of General "JOE" JOHNSTON at the great age of 87, coming after those of Admiral PORTER and General SHERMAN, has removed almost the last of the chief commanders in the Civil War. Before that struggle General JOHNSTON had done good service during the Seminole troubles and in Mexico, and he was altogether a good officer and a brave man, if not a Heaven-born leader.—Mr. R. H. QUICK (a new edition of whose interesting *Educational Reformers* was reviewed here a few weeks ago) was a learned enthusiast in the science and history of education.—Lord MILLTOWN had but very recently succeeded to his title.—General VON FABRIC, Prime Minister of Saxony, was better known as the General who had the very arduous task of commanding the German army of occupation in 1871, and discharged it most successfully.—Mr. LAURENCE BARRETT, whose death is reported from America, will be much regretted in this country as well as in his own. As an actor he was an excellent craftsman, if not an inspired or even an exceptionally accomplished artist; and in certain parts he was well at home. Personally, he was a credit to his profession, and much beloved by his friends.

During the week Dr. SMILES's *A Publisher and Books, &c. his Friends* (MURRAY), a book containing much interesting matter, has appeared, while Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON has produced (LONGMANS & Co.), under the title of *Famous Golf Links*, a book, most of the substance of which, "refreshed" with much excellent new matter, will be familiar to readers of the *Saturday Review*, and which they, as well as others, will doubtless be glad to possess in book form.—Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's *Canada and the Canadian Question* (MACMILLAN) comes at a timely moment.—M. ZOLA has given a fresh example of his remarkable power of getting up a subject in *L'Argent* (Paris: CHARPENTIER), and a sharp controversy as to the preternatural dulness of the TALLEYRAND Memoirs has at last elicited the fact (which all competent critics had divined) that, though the Duke DE BROGLIE is quite incapable of tampering with manuscripts, the manuscript from which he printed is not TALLEYRAND's own, and may have been tampered with by others to any extent. The testimony of Mme. DE MARTEL ("Gyp") and of her mother also settles a similar point—that the falsification did not lie with the first depository of the papers, M. DE BACOURT, their uncle, but that falsification there was.

#### THE FUTURE OF MARRIAGE.

NOTHING more has been heard of the so-called Clitheroe abduction case, except the dismissal with costs of the rather frivolous charge of assault brought against Mr. JACKSON, by the sister of the lady who has been pronounced a wife and no wife to him. It may, therefore, be supposed that Mr. JACKSON has been advised that there is no way of obtaining a more authoritative decision of one of the most important points of law possible than that which was emphatically delivered to a considerably astonished world of laymen and lawyers alike, by the LORD CHANCELLOR last Thursday week, and endorsed with less passion by his colleagues. For it must be observed that Lord ESHER and



Lord Justice FRY seem not to have fully shared the noble rage which animated Lord HALSBURY, as whilom it animated a great predecessor of his, when he rated the magistrates of Bristol for winking at kidnappers. Lord Justice FRY objected, it would seem, chiefly to capture and to "indefinite" detention, and Lord ESHER's fine mind was chiefly disturbed by the unhandsome way in which a "young attorney's clerk"—a scrubby boy without the excuse of NERISSA—acted as attendant to the lady. But we do not think it necessary to enter into these minutiae, or into Mr. FINLAY's contempt for "barbarous and obsolete authority," or into the elaboration of that contempt by other persons into a denunciation of "the letter of worm-eaten parchments" in general. It is not at all unlikely that the opposite view, which it must be remembered has the very respectable authority of Mr. Justice CAVE and Mr. Justice JEUNE to back it in this very case, would in a yet higher and fuller Court find other supporters. Yet we must in fairness take into consideration the still more recent reversal of Mr. Justice JEUNE's assignment of an allowance to a husband out of the separate property of a wife, who, like Mrs. JACKSON, had refused restitution of conjugal rights when ordered. For this shows that, at any rate among a section of the judges, there is a determination to reduce the restitution order to an absolute farce, enforceable neither on the person nor on the goods of the wife. We may pass all this, and we pass also the question whether Mr. JACKSON's methods were in good taste. It may well seem to some that a wise man would build the goldenest of bridges for a hostile and flying wife.

But there are other and more serious ways of looking at the judgments of the Court of Appeal, and to those we turn. It is, if not self-evident, at any rate clear enough with a very little thinking, that they strike directly at the institution of marriage as it has always hitherto been regarded. They proclaim the very phrase "conjugal rights," which the law still absurdly uses, to be an emptiness and a sham. There are no conjugal rights, though there are still a few conjugal wrongs, as, for instance, that by which Mrs. JACKSON can make it impossible for Mr. JACKSON either to provide himself with a companion of the other sex recognized by the law, or even to get rid of the wife who has so successfully got rid of him. Now some persons, not neglectful either of the social or the ecclesiastical objections to divorce, think that, if divorce is granted at all, it should be granted purely and simply, either on mutual consent to it, or on the declared resolution, repeated after sufficient time, of either party, that he or she cannot and will not further live with the other; and this is at any rate rational. The present attitude of the English law is hopelessly irrational and muddled. It has deprived marriage of all the sacredness which involved and was involved in the indissoluble union of the two parties, and the perpetual obligation of protection on the one hand and obedience on the other. It has not substituted therefor any intelligible and equitable relation of free partnership, dissoluble either by mutual consent or on proof of irremediable dissension. The flood of filth with which the Divorce Court has deluged the newspapers has not swept away any of the irksomeness of the tie, it has only destroyed its sanctity. And these recent decisions have made the position of the husband at least that of a mere bearer of liabilities without any certain consideration in return. Even from the wife's point of view, the new position would seem to be one of mediocre delightfulness, except to an exceptionally spiteful woman. She can receive no honourable addresses, see nothing of men's society (which somehow or other most women do affect), without the most elaborate precaution on the one hand, or the risk of her reputation on the other. She is a nondescript, a *déclassée*.

It is logical and reasonable to examine the corollaries of the LORD CHANCELLOR's judgment, to inquire what, according to it, the ceremony or contract of marriage now implies. It used to imply an obligation on the part of the husband, indestructible except by certain very sharply defined misdoings in the wife, to live with her, to support her and her children, not to marry any one else, and so forth. It used to imply a corresponding and constant obligation on the wife's part to submit to her husband's authority, as well as to afford him the various other *debita matrimonii*. We do not observe that these judgments alter the husband's obligations in any respect. They seem to destroy those of the wife altogether, with the one exception that she still may not commit adultery; while the position in which the law puts the husband in regard to that offence is very humorous indeed. As far as Lord HALSBURY's judgment

reads, it would appear that no man has any security for the execution of his bargain. He is to give all by contract and hope for nothing in return except of free gift—a blessed and Christian, but unsatisfactory, condition. Whether, at a time when the institution is certainly not held in higher general respect than it used to be, this is likely to make it more popular is a point which a Lord Chancellor and a Master of the Rolls, when they had once brought themselves to discard "musty parchments," might have been thought likely to consider. And in the discussion of it it would be well not to assume, as is very often assumed, that men speak selfishly. Few rational beings can deny that, if marriage fell into general disfavour, as it has before now, it would be, all things considered, decidedly easier and pleasanter for men to provide themselves with substitutes for a wife than for women to provide themselves with substitutes for a husband. From no point of view whatever have men so much to lose as women by the disuse of marriage. Which things being so, those persons who think marriage important to society had better take what steps they can to get Lord HALSBURY's fit of JEFFREYS-like virtue counter-worked as soon as possible. Or else, we fear, the "insane" desire to take a young woman in and board her for life," of which a reprobate philosopher once spoke, will experience, as time goes on, a more and more considerable check. For it is in the highest degree idle and unphilosophical to say that these decisions touch only exceptional cases. They touch cases which have been exceptional hitherto simply because the old condition of things was accepted by all honest women, was made their rule of life, and resulted accordingly in the words of the elegant Cornish epitaph:—

During their lives had Durrant wives, Jowdy and Kathren named;  
Both feared God and eke his rod; so well their lives they framed.

(Leave given to Mr. FINLAY to argue the point whether the rod that JOWDY and KATHREN feared was the property of DURRANT or the Divinity.) This may seem a dull and shocking conception of things; but there is no doubt that domestic peace is, in general, possible on no other. The authority need not be harshly exercised; it very rarely is; it may, for the most part, as it generally does, lie dormant; but it must exist if things are to go quietly, unless, indeed, it be transferred bodily to the other side, or a perfect and ultra-Roman license of divorce be introduced. The husband head, the wife head, or "go as you please"—these are three things possible argumentatively, though in the way of the second there may be some slight physical difficulties, and in the way of the third the prospect of a state of society, possibly merry, but certainly irregular. Marriage according to Lord HALSBURY, is marriage where one party (we do not in the least care which) is allowed to be an absent torment, a rebellious wanderer at will yet exercising restraining powers over the other, a receiver who gives nothing, a dog in the manger who will neither show grace nor allow others to show it. This is not a thing that any reason can justify, that any sentiment which has not parted with sense can approve, or, we may add, that can possibly be maintained for any length of time without a relaxation of general morality and a ruin of domestic happiness almost as great, if not as open, as those which would attend simple promiscuity.

#### THE NEWFOUNDLAND BILL.

A LETTER which Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER contributed to the *Times* of Wednesday may be of some use in clearing up the not inconsiderable confusion which apparently exists as to the relative positions of England, the colony of Newfoundland, and France, in the historic dispute which is now plainly coming to a crisis. Mr. FORSTER puts what may be called the sentimental view of the case with some rhetorical fluency. He asks us to conceive, if we can, that by a treaty "to which the people of Scotland were not a party," five hundred miles of the coast of Scotland are subject to exclusive use by the French. He asks us to suppose that French naval officers are able to stop the industrial enterprises of the Scotch on the "French shore," and quotes several instances of the way in which this privilege might be exercised injuriously to the Scotch. Finally, he asks whether such a burden would be borne, treaty or no treaty, and whether, if the French would not make a friendly arrangement, every man who was worth his salt would not insist that the treaty should be disregarded. This is a dashing way of putting the case and as it expresses

the view of the Newfoundlanders and their friends, it is worth looking at. For our part, we agree with Lord NORTON in thinking it a view which overlooks many material considerations. The phrase about the people of Scotland being parties to a treaty, and lower down another about the Newfoundlanders being bound by a treaty they did not make, is one we do not quite understand—except, of course, in so far as we recognize it to be a rhetorical flourish. The Treaty of Utrecht was made by the only treaty-making Power in the Empire. If it is not binding on all parts of the Empire, no treaty is binding. It was made by the same authority as that which gave the ancestors of the Newfoundlanders their only title to Newfoundland, and which gave them their rights of self-government. But, putting that aside, Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER's comparison is misleading. To make it complete he should have said, Let us suppose that all through the middle ages Scotland was a howling wilderness inhabited by a handful of hunting and fishing savages; that France and England advanced claims to it and fought about it and other things; that in a great international settlement the sovereignty was recognized as belonging to England, subject to certain French rights which have been subsequently, repeatedly, and solemnly confirmed; that at this time it was still a desert; that Englishmen settled in it little by little, and at last grew so numerous that the restrictions imposed by the French rights became irksome; that commercial quarrels arose because France used its undoubted right to grant bounties to its subjects, and that the colonists retaliated by refusing to sell something the French wanted; that France is a great Power, punctilious in insisting on its rights; and that it refuses to part with them. This being supposed, let us go on to suppose further that when England endeavours to make arrangements the colonists protest that none will satisfy them which is not based on the cession of the French rights—and that they use the powers of self-government given them by the mother-country to obstruct the execution of the treaty, subject to which they settled in Scotland. This, we think, is the proper way to state the case.

It will be seen that there is a good deal in it which is overlooked by Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER, and we may add by the deputation which waited on Mr. SMITH last Wednesday. The fact that the treaty rights of France are older, not only than the self-government of the colony, but also than the existence of anything which can be called "a people of Newfoundland," is not to be ignored. The power and the determination of France are also very hard facts indeed. It is sheer folly to ignore them. We may, as Mr. SMITH told his deputation, make a *casus belli* out of the French shore if we like. We can do as much with Pondicherry. If Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER, or the "Newfoundland merchants and their representatives," seriously argue that it would be good policy to send an ultimatum to Paris at the risk of a great war, their position would be perfectly intelligible; but it must be distinctly understood that this is what is meant by "disregarding treaties." To give France notice to quit, even if the notice were accompanied by a promise of compensation for disturbance, would be so gross a provocation that the Republic could not possibly give any other answer than a declaration of war. Is the nation prepared to pay this price in order to be done with the French shore? At the stage things have now reached it is idle to waste words of sympathy with the Newfoundlanders. We have a definite business difficulty to deal with. Unless the nation is prepared for a war far more serious than any it has fought for two generations, it must continue its present efforts to arrive at a friendly settlement with France. These negotiations cannot go on unless the dignity and rights of France are consulted. Its dignity would be outraged by dictation. As for its rights, their extent is fair matter for arbitration; but while it is in progress there must be nothing which can be called aggression. We have, therefore, every right to demand that the Newfoundlanders shall not make a difficult position more difficult still. If they misuse the powers of self-government given to them to violate the national faith, they must be compelled to desist. Should hot-headed agitators lead them into the rebellion they threaten, it will be for England to decide whether they are to "go in peace" or not. If they are allowed to go, it will be for them to decide on their own course towards France, and to take the consequences; but while they remain part of the Empire they must consult its general interests. They have made the Bill introduced by Lord KNUTSFORD inevitable by refusing to enforce the treaty. Since they

have so little understanding of the duties of a State, the Imperial authority has no other course open to it but to provide for the execution of its promises. There are many other considerations which must not be forgotten if a really definite settlement is to be arrived at. The interests of the Newfoundlanders are entitled to our care. When the arbitration is over, and the extent of the French rights is settled, it will still be competent to us to consider whether the state of affairs created by it is or is not tolerable. The conduct of France during and after the arbitration may be so unfriendly that it would be both unwise and pusillanimous in England not to show resentment. But that is not the question at present. Now we have undertaken to discuss a friendly settlement, and it would be an outrageous breach of good faith to allow the treaty to be put aside. The attacks on the Government which have been threatened by the Opposition may safely be dismissed as due to the natural desire to oppose. Except a few of the rawest of the rank and file, the members of that parti-coloured body can hardly pretend that it is part of our duty to our colonies to allow them to force the Empire into war in pursuit of any one local interest. And yet the clamour which has been raised over the supposed neglect of Newfoundland opinion means in the present state of affairs nothing if it does not mean this. The deputation which is on its way from St. John's will be listened to, though it can have nothing to say which the Newfoundlanders have not said already. But fifty deputations will not alter the simple fact that it is a farce to talk of negotiating with France if we are to insist as a preliminary on the surrender of the very rights the extent of which is the subject-matter of the negotiation.

As has been only too probable for some years past, an angry dispute between the mother-country and the colony is arising out of this unhappy fishery quarrel. The flaming document which Mr. SMITH read to the deputation may be only an agitator's circular; but there are too many signs that it expresses the views of persons who ought to be above the level of agitators. It appears that the members of the Legislative Chamber at St. John's are as unreasonable as the most pugnacious newspaper-editor. The refusal of the Chamber to provide for the execution of the treaty shows that its members have also reflected that "It cannot be too widely known that 'the Act which enabled successive British Governments to 'enforce French 'claims' has been repealed many years ago, and no power given by the Imperial Parliament or 'by the local Legislature to enforce those claims exists.'" The Newfoundlanders are apparently persuaded that, if they pass no new Act, no means can be found to enforce these claims. They have only to fish as they please, demanding the protection of British naval officers against the French, but refusing to submit to any corresponding control. When the English naval officer confiscates their nets, &c., he is to be arrested for theft and brought before the magistrate, like any common offender. In short, the Newfoundlanders are to be protected by the English naval officers while they commit what the French would consider and resent as a breach of treaty, and then England may go to war willy nilly. This is an absurd position, and one which cannot be allowed. Since the law is in the condition described in the circular, its deficiencies must be made good by the Newfoundland Legislature, if it will do its duty—if not, then by the Imperial Parliament. If Newfoundland needs our protection against France, it must bear our control—that is the gist of the whole matter. The preposterous claim advanced by the colony is a warning as to the nature of the difficulties which the scattered and heterogeneous form of the Empire will always render possible. But the principle is clear, and the more resolutely it is acted on the better will it be for everybody.

#### GOLF, PAST AND PRESENT.

WHETHER we are better golfers than our fathers is a question much debated between the old men and the young. Better we ought to be; for, now that the very House of Commons has taken to the game, there is a far larger number of players from whom to choose champions. We use irons more; our fathers used wood, the baffle for the iron or masher. But it is not generally recognized that by this very practice we tend to equalize matters. The ancients played over links much more beset



by heather and whins than we do, for constant play and the treading of innumerable feet have probably doubled the width of old courses like that of St. Andrews. Hence it might seem easier to do the round in a smaller number of strokes than was possible in 1800, or even in 1850. But when a good player is playing his best, sure as well as far, a very narrow course suffices for him. There may be jungles on either hand, but he is never in the jungles. Thus ALLAN ROBERTSON had as good a chance on the narrow course as he would have to-day on the wider links. Nay, he had a better chance of a small score, all through the use of irons and mashies, in place of the baffy spoon. For endless and reckless "skelping" with irons has cut up the turf, so that there are endless "cups," "scrapes," and bad lies generally, all unknown to the ancients. Thus ALLAN, or Mr. MESSIEUX, played on a narrow course, but a sound and true one; while we play on a wide but lacerated and difficult course. The changes of circumstance nearly cancel each other.

This is not the opinion of Mr. H. THOMAS PETER, an old hand, in his *Golfing Reminiscences* (Edinburgh: THIN). Mr. PETER's little book is a delightful shillingsworth to the golfer who cares for the old days of feather balls. The author began to play in 1837, at St. Andrews, when the only clubmaker was HUGH PHILP. ALLAN ROBERTSON was the ball-maker. We doubt not that he descended from "famed ROBSON, who in Andrea dwells," as the author of an heroic poem on golf said, about 1726. "ROBSON" is merely ROBERTSON cut down to suit the verse, and ROBSON was a ball-maker. Mr. PETER describes the process of ball-making as it was before 1848. Two round pieces of untanned bull's hide were used for the ends, and a stripe of the same material for the centre. These were tightly sewn together, with a small hole left for the insertion of feathers. According to TOM MORRIS, who made balls with ALLAN, one ball held as many feathers as would fill a tall hat. The empty case of leather was placed in a cup-shaped stand. The maker then took an instrument like the head of a polo club, with a short steel rod fastened into it at right angles. There are several of these in the little Museum of the Club at St. Andrews. The maker put feathers into the hole in the leather case, and pressed them tight with the end of the steel rod, using his breast to push against the crutch-shaped handle. The work was very hard, as the author of the old poem on Golf remarks. When filled, the ball was sewn up, and sold for from half a crown to five shillings.

This ball was a great handicap on the old players. In wet weather it grew heavy; the feathers leaked, "it fuffed" and dooked, and sklentit into bunkers," as another Scotch poet declares. In 1848 guttapercha came in. Mr. PETER was one of the first to use guttapercha; and he put a core of lead in his balls, whereby he broke his clubs. ALLAN ROBERTSON was very Tory about guttapercha; but TOM MORRIS, with that openness of mind in which he rivals Mr. GLADSTONE, at once approved of the innovation. Mr. PETER shows that not only were the old balls bad, but the St. Andrews course was very narrow, with only one set of holes to play on in and out. The course to the right hand of Hell, and one of the Elysian Fields, did not exist. You had to "swipe over Hell at one immortal go," from the tee, or fall into its jaws. Mr. PETER, by the way, like a good sportsman, is all in favour of hitting at hazards, to carry them, in place of sneaking up to the edge, and lofting them with an iron. He is wrong, however, when he says that "the Elysian Fields are now never frequented"; it depends on the position of the holes. Nor are the bunkers now so easily avoided as he supposes; there are quite enough of them, and, if not as deep as a well, they "will serve." Taking bad balls and narrow courses, and prehistoric bunkers, the average of Medal Scores from 1806 to 1836 was about 107 strokes. From 1855 to 1880 the average is 93.50—an enormous improvement. But it does not follow that the moderns are, to the extent of the improvement, better golfers. The course is easier, except for "bad lies," which are more numerous, and the balls are infinitely better. ALLAN's 79 was done, we think, with a feather-ball still extant. Young TOM MORRIS's lowest was 77. Mr. PETER thinks. Several amateurs, though not on great occasions, have done the round under 80. Mr. PETER's book is rich in reminiscences of great old matches, and golf played long ago. We shall not spoil the interest of the little book by extracting more of its amusing and characteristic anecdotes. As to the general question, we fancy that, in equal conditions, a great old player and a great modern player would

have made a very level match. LAMBERT OF BELDHAM would probably fall easy victims to LOHMANN, but ALLAN ROBERTSON would have run Mr. BALL very hard in an open championship contest.

#### SHARP v. WAKEFIELD.

**E**VEN Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, in his famous litigation against the Marquess of SALISBURY, will never succeed in getting so many Courts and so many judges to decide against him as Mrs. SUSANNAH SHARP, the owner of the "Lowbridge Inn," Kentmere, Westmoreland, which was, until October 1887, and has not since been, licensed for the sale of intoxicating liquors. Either Mrs. SHARP must love litigation for its own sake sufficiently to pursue Mr. WAKEFIELD, J.P., from his own licensing sessions to Quarter Sessions, to the Queen's Bench Division, to the Court of Appeal, and to the House of Lords, without getting anybody, first or last, to endorse her view of the matter in dispute, or else she must have persevered in the forlorn hope of establishing on behalf of licensed victuallers generally an interest in their industry which no lawyer can ever have supposed them to possess. The case derives most of its interest from the fact that it was a good deal, and very inaccurately, referred to last year in support, or disproof, of various random and hastily-stated propositions about the nature of a publican's property in his public-house, and the terms upon which he might or might not properly be deprived of it.

The appellant's argument was briefly this:—That upon an application for a licence where there had been no licence before, the licensing justices might consider both the character of the applicant and the general circumstances of the house in respect of which he applied; but that upon an application for a licence where there had been a licence during the preceding year—commonly called an application for a renewal of a licence—the justices might consider nothing except the character of the applicant as illustrated by his way of doing business. None of the learned Lords who delivered judgment a week ago referred to the point; but it is difficult to see any logically defensible reason why the appellant's counsel should have stopped where they did. Their contention, that the justices might not, in respect of a renewal, consider whether or not the circumstances of the neighbourhood made the renewed grant of a licence desirable, might have been urged with quite as much force to the effect that they might not consider whether the applicant's character continued to be sufficiently good to justify the grant of a renewed licence. They did not go this length, but admitted that the applicant's character might be a legitimate ground of a refusal to renew, because to do otherwise would have been a *reductio ad absurdissimum* of the whole case.

The Law Lords, acting after their kind, were careful to point out the limitations of their decision. "The sole question for decision," said Lord HERSCHELL, and the sole question decided, was "whether where a licence is applied for, by way of renewal, by one who already holds a licence for the sale of intoxicating liquors, the licensing authorities are entitled to take into consideration the wants of the neighbourhood and the remoteness of the premises from police supervision, or whether their inquiry must be limited to the character and conduct of the applicant, and they can only refuse the applicant on the ground of his personal unfitness." The question which certain fanatics, and persons anxious to secure the votes and interest of the said fanatics, have pretended to think involved in the case was whether or no any bench of licensing justices was entitled to say to any applicant for a licence, "You shall have no licence because we object to the sale of drink." This question is, of course, perfectly untouched by SHARP v. WAKEFIELD, because the respondent and his fellows had said nothing of the sort. The LORD CHANCELLOR took the trouble to point out that, where the law gives a judicial discretion to any of its officers, those officers are bound to exercise it fairly, to the best of their ability, and without reference to any fads that they individually may have the misfortune to entertain. Strictly speaking, this was irrelevant; but it is so obviously true as to make the irrelevance harmless. No one could ever have supposed the contrary except a County Councillor not yet awake to the facts that business is business, and that a licensing tribunal is not a debating society. The whole argument for Mrs.

SHARP was that the respondent had exercised discretion where the law gave him none. The inference which some preposterous persons have been anxious to draw from the litigation is that justices need not exercise any discretion, although the Acts of Parliament say they are to. There is a wide difference between the two propositions, and the study of it may be recommended to temperance agitators generally, whenever, and if ever, their heads are clear enough to take it in.

#### THE IRISH FACTION FIGHT.

THE flow of "disclosures" bearing upon the internal condition of the Irish Parliamentary party before the split occurred shows no tendency to abate. It almost seems as if the line of clothes-baskets containing that dirty linen of Parnellism which is being so cheerfully carried forth to be washed in the market-place would stretch out to the crack of doom. One of the most curious of these dingy clouts was that produced the other day by Mr. PARNELL himself—who has, of course, no further interest in the secrecy of the laundry—in a speech at Easky. It concerned the relations between Mr. THOMAS SEXTON and Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY, and was full of "excellent differences." Why, asked the former leader of these two brothers-in-arms, has Mr. TOM SEXTON come to North Sligo? "Because Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY has given him leave." And Mr. PARNELL thereupon proceeded to explain to his hearers and the world at large what the relations between TIM and TOM have hitherto been. He has often had to keep the peace between TIM and TOM. TOM has had to appeal to him for protection against TIM, whom he has called "that scurrilous person"; while TIM, for his part, would "never allow poor TOM to say a word as long as he [TIM] could catch the Speaker's eye first." Hence, when it comes to be a question as to "which of these forty-five is going to be the new leader"—there is something vastly amusing in the way in which Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY is treated, on all hands, as a mere cushion, not necessarily to be removed from the Chair, but merely needing a few gentle pats before you take your seat upon him—the party, Mr. PARNELL hints, is likely to be convulsed by the strife between TIM and TOM. All this is deeply interesting, though the main fact was perhaps not altogether unsuspected by some English observers of the Irish Parliamentary party. A suspicion of rivalry between Mr. HEALY and Mr. SEXTON has occasionally crossed our minds. An emulation just a shade more intense than was to be accounted for by a genuine rivalry of devotion to their common country has been sometimes observable in their conduct; though, of course, no one in England could have imagined for a moment that this feeling had deepened into personal animosity between the patriots. That Mr. SEXTON had called Mr. HEALY a "scurrilous person" would have seemed as shockingly incredible to the Eighty Club, a few months ago, as that Mr. HEALY could have described Mr. SEXTON as, say, a "wind-bag."

Talking of TIM led Mr. PARNELL by a natural transition to MAURICE, and of MAURICE he proceeded to say, in the words following, whereof, as the Speaker says of the Speech from the Throne, we "have for greater accuracy obtained a copy," which we will now set forth *verbatim*. "He issued to me a very valiant challenge to resign my seat for the City of Cork, and to contest it with him. I answered that challenge in the *Freesman's Journal* of yesterday. I laid down the conditions on which I would resign my seat, and brother MAURICE at the first sight of 'the steel ran away.' We have deemed it advisable to quote the passage textually, in order that, as an account of what actually passed between Mr. PARNELL and Mr. HEALY, its preservation *in perpetuum rei memoriam* may be insured. For there are those among an incurious public who think that this is what happened:—A said, 'I am willing to fight B if he dares to meet me.' B replied, 'I dare to meet you, and I invite you to fix a day.' A rejoined, 'I will not fix a day, but I will choose the manner of fighting. It shall be the *hari-kari*. Let us eviscerate ourselves.' 'You begin.' To which B says, 'No, I will not begin; but I am making arrangements to undergo the operation myself at the same moment at which it shall be performed upon you.' Now since this, we say, is the impression which many of us have carried away from the correspondence between the two, we should never have supposed, if A had not explained to us, that it was B who began by issuing 'a very valiant challenge to him,' and

ended by running away when the conditions were laid down. It is well to get a correct conception of the merits of the controversy at the outset, because it promises to last some time. We observed the other day, when the challenge was first delivered by Mr. PARNELL to Mr. HEALY—we mean by Mr. HEALY to Mr. PARNELL—and accepted unconditionally by Mr. HEALY—we mean conditionally by Mr. PARNELL—that we feared the duel would not come off. It would be affectation to pretend that this fear is entirely removed. Questions of etiquette and procedure apart, there are painful evidences that each party suspects the other of treacherous intentions. It is difficult to arrange a duel between two men when neither can feel quite sure whether the material of his adversary's underclothing is merino or metal, or cares to turn his back upon his man, even for a moment, for the purpose of locking the door. Mr. HEALY is too clearly of opinion that, if he were to send in his application for the Chiltern Hundreds first, Mr. PARNELL's might somehow fail to reach the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER at all. How, indeed, does he know whether his astute opponent might not take advantage of the fact that the actual Chiltern Hundreds would *ex hypothesi* have already been conferred upon Mr. HEALY, and declare that he (Mr. PARNELL) had a conscientious objection to accepting the stewardship of the Manor of Northstead? He has himself ere this been made to suffer by a conscience quite as inscrutable in its operations. On the other hand, we can sympathize with his unwillingness to "give the HEALYS, 'every turn and twist of whose crooked minds he knows, 'an opportunity of making a 'deal' with the Tory party 'in Cork, and by combining with them of showing that 'the voice of rebel Cork is not what it was in 1880.' It is true that Mr. HEALY, or Mr. PARNELL either, would find it rather difficult to make "a deal" just at present with any Unionist party, Tory or Liberal. "Deals," indeed, are not usually made by any army with the leaders of either section of a hostile force whose soldiers happen at the moment to be actively engaged in cutting each other's throats. The usual course is not to deal with either, but to "fall on," and endeavour to exterminate both. Still, when Mr. PARNELL accuses Mr. HEALY of contemplating a specific piece of political trickery, we should hesitate to contest the charge on any other ground than that the imputed stratagem is impracticable; and this Mr. PARNELL possibly does not believe. To all these accusations and recriminations of Irish politicians we feel disposed to apply the remark of FOOTE to the gentleman who warned him at the Club that his handkerchief was hanging out of his pocket—"Thank you, sir, you evidently know the company 'better than I do.'" The question of what sort of tactics they have mutually to fear is one on which Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites speak with all the authority of a first-rate knowledge of each other's character.

The trial at Cork of the persons charged with the rioting at Tipperary is, at the moment of our writing, unfinished, and it would be improper to comment on the evidence, so far at least as it affects the defendants. As it affects the witnesses themselves—considered, that is to say, not as testimony, but as self-disclosure—it lends itself, of course, more freely to criticism. On the same principle, while withholding all expression of opinion as to the result of Mr. CARSON's and Mr. WRIGHT's cross-examination, considered as strengthening or failing to strengthen the case for the Crown, we are at liberty to congratulate them on their admirable success in inducing Mr. JOHN MORLEY and Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN to open their hearts to a sympathetic public. The evidence of the former, of course, was incomparably the more interesting—for, in the first place, Mr. MORLEY, unlike Mr. O'BRIEN, is an unfamiliar figure under cross-examination; in the next place, his mind is one of incomparably greater subtlety than Mr. O'BRIEN's; and, lastly, he possesses a faculty of expression, not, perhaps, naturally greater, but trained in a literary school in which the qualities of delicacy and finesse are perhaps more valued and cultivated than in the office of *United Ireland*. Nothing better in its way than Mr. MORLEY's account of the purpose with which he went to Tipperary, of the mood in which he went to Tipperary, and of the precise condition of mind in which he regarded the magistrates, the police, and the defendants in the trials which are to take place at Tipperary, is to be found anywhere in the literature of ancient or modern casuistry. One "point" was particularly beautiful. We refer to Mr. MORLEY's admission that, whereas he thought himself justified in travelling to Tipperary with the defendants before their guilt



was ascertained, and though he held that trial before a judge and jury was the only mode of ascertaining it, yet, if he had believed on any grounds that the defendants were guilty, he should *not* have thought himself justified in travelling with them. Upon which *quæsitum est*—What is the state of mind of a man who, holding these views, happens to be travelling with defendants whose boast it is that they *are* guilty, and whose trial is *not* going to take place before a judge and jury? Does their glorying in being guilty “ascertain” the fact of their guilt, or does it, like their conviction by an “unconstitutional” Crimes Act Court, leave the question still open? Mr. CARSON, who handled Mr. MORLEY with almost the skill of a PASCAL, had, of course, no object in pushing his inquiry so far as this; but it would have been interesting if he had. It would also be extremely interesting to hear him severely cross-examine Mr. HEALY and Mr. O'BRIEN DALTON as to the particulars of their interview in Mr. ILLINGWORTH'S room, when Mr. HEALY was the victim either of a very brutal assault or of one of the most extraordinary accidents that ever befell an Irish politician in the course of a “discussing” with an adversary.

#### THE POST OFFICE QUARREL.

THE dispute between the Post Office and the Messenger Companies is emphatically a very pretty quarrel as it stands. It is to begin with a fight between Obdurate and Angry, who are not at all likely to be reconciled with their adversary while they are in the way with him. The cause of quarrel is sufficient. Obdurate has waited till Angry has built up a nice little business, and has then annexed it for his own benefit—than which nothing can be more exasperating to the victim. Each side looks at things from an entirely different point of view, and can by no possibility come to an agreement. Each talks with equal unctious of the public interest, and is firmly convinced that it is to be served by what is advantageous to himself. The more they talk the worse they will quarrel. Then the “public” which is to be served strikes in, and exasperates both sides, while a large chorus of outsiders draw all kinds of morals and apply them to things in general. It will be quite a matter of course if the real issues are entirely covered in the confusion. These issues we take to be three—firstly, Has the Post Office the right to act as it has done; secondly, Is it for the “public interest” that it should have the right; thirdly, Has Mr. RAIKES shown good sense and good manners in the way in which he has exercised the right of his Office? On the first point there can, we imagine, be no real doubt whatever, in spite of loose talk to the contrary. The right of carrying letters is a monopoly which has always been enjoyed by the Crown. Whoever makes a business of carrying letters for money infringes that monopoly, and may be proceeded against by law. The Messenger Companies have made a business of carrying letters for money, and so have made themselves liable to the action taken by the POSTMASTER-GENERAL. It is also true that the POSTMASTER-GENERAL has no real option in the matter. He is not the owner of a patent or copyright, who may allow his monopoly to be infringed if he chooses. He is a salaried servant, who is paid to look after the interest of his employer. Mr. RAIKES has no more moral or legal right to permit infringement of the Post Office monopoly than a land-steward has to curry favour with the tenants by writing off arrears and cutting down rents without the leave of the landlord. There are persons—clerical persons too—who would applaud such conduct as “generous” in these days, when giving A's property to B is thought noble; but, for our part, we do not think the worse of Mr. RAIKES because he declines to make himself friends of the Mammon of Radicalism by yielding the claims of his Office.

The question whether it is “for the public interest” that the Post Office should have the right which it enjoys is by no manner of means so clear. It is this question which is the soul of the whole dispute. The amiable contention that the Post Office should permit infringements of its monopoly as long as they are useful to the public only shows that there are many people who cannot understand a plain issue. The hypothesis is that the public interest requires the business of letter-carrying to be a Post Office monopoly. As long as this is taken for granted, the fact

that a private Company shows how letters may be more conveniently carried than they are carried by the Post Office is a reason why the ideas of that Company should be adopted; but it is no reason why the exclusive right of the Post Office to do that kind of work should be infringed. The further suggestion that the Post Office should be content with levying a Royalty seems to offer a possible compromise, because it saves the prerogatives of the Office; but we think that Mr. RAIKES did well not to accept it—and for a simple reason. If the Post Office had accepted the offer to recognize its authority, it would inevitably have incurred responsibility for the Companies without, however, obtaining corresponding powers of control. What, then, would have been the position of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL when COBBS, PICKERSGILLS, HENNIKER HEATONS, MORTONS, CLARKES, CAMERONS, CAMPBELLS, TANNERS, and LABOUCHERES saw, as in the ordinary course of things they would have seen, something in the management of the Company which made it incumbent on such self-sacrificing friends of the nation as they are to ask questions? What, too, would have been the POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S position if this Company, for which he was partially responsible, had become bankrupt? It is all very well to feel indignant when Companies which have made a nice little business for themselves are “pillaged” by the Post Office. Still, there are practical considerations which cannot be neglected. The choice is really between a State monopoly—which, if it exists at all, must be enforced—and throwing open the business of letter-carrying to private enterprise. A proposal to do this ought not to be summarily dismissed in spite of long prescription and repeated legislation, which is in favour of the present universal practice. It is everywhere taken for granted that a post office must exist in “the public interest.” Mr. RAIKES gives this same “public interest” as a pretext for his attack on the Messenger Companies, which were serving the public much to its satisfaction. This same “public interest” is a poor dumb idiot, which can say nobody nay. If the POSTMASTER-GENERAL were asked why it is in the public interest that his department should have this monopoly, he would, we think, be surprised to find how unexpectedly difficult it was to frame a plausible answer. The honest truth is that the public interest is a phrase susceptible of many meanings—and that the particular meaning it had originally when used as justifying the retention of the Duke of YORK'S monopoly was that the rulers of the State thought that the good of the people required them to retain the power of opening the letters of the lieges. If the frequent complaints of persons suspected of Jacobite and Jacobin leanings are to be trusted, this power was not allowed to rust for want of use. We presume, however, that this is not what Mr. RAIKES means by the public interest. He uses the phrase as synonymous with public convenience, which may be really quite another thing. That might conceivably be served by the total abolition of the Post Office, at the end, say, of a year from to-day. The interval would be utilized for the formation of private Companies, which would compete for our business, and have a dozen reasons which do not affect the Post Office for doing it smartly. Mr. RAIKES'S department has, in fact, never consulted the public convenience except when it was driven to do it. Its course has always been just what it has been with the Boy Messenger Company. It has waited and dawdled till the chance of taking somebody else's ideas or the fear of bringing unpopularity on the Ministry induced it to exert itself, and then it has done as little as it well could. How long was it before the Parcel Post was established, and is it now one half as convenient as the private carrier Companies? But, of course, if the State Department must be kept up, and nobody talks of abolishing it, then monopoly and its inconveniences, which are routine, selfishness, red-tape, officialdom, and plausible stupidity, must be taken with the rest.

As for the question how far Mr. RAIKES'S management of his case has been judicious, it is the most attractive, but is also the least important, part of the whole dispute. We do not know that Mr. RAIKES was ever supposed to have a rag of tact. In this case he has made, we think, more than one mistake which he would have avoided if he had been better able to see how things would look to others, and more in the habit of considering the look of things. It was a mistake for instance to allow the Boy Messenger Company to go on till it became considerable, and had proved acceptable, and then to act against it, and pick its brains. Done

by a private person, this might have passed as smart; but there is a dash of low cunning about it which does not become a great Government office. Then, when Mr. RAIKES had picked the Company's brains, he might have avoided the somewhat Pecksniffian tone he assumed in speaking of the public interest. Again, a more alert man than Mr. RAIKES would have understood that to replace the Boy Messengers by an Express Delivery, which is much dearer, much more difficult to get at, much slower, and is only available for about half as long, and to do this with a mouth full of fine phrases about the public interest, was to make himself ridiculous, and to entail part of the ridicule on the Government. However, Mr. RAIKES did not see these things, and we do not think it likely he ever will. Still by dint of bullying he may be forced to make his Express Delivery less notoriously inferior than it promises to be.

#### BURGLARS AND ST. BERNARDS.

HERBERT E. WRIGHT is a pawnbroker in Jamaica Street, Stepney, and in the passage of his house lives a St. Bernard dog. It appears to be a courageous but indiscriminating animal. The other night burglars arrived, and their names were HICKS and MILDRAIL. They managed to obtain access to the shop, went behind the counter, opened a drawer, and began, as advertisers would say, to inspect the jewelry which they had the good or bad luck to discover therein, by the precarious light of matches struck for the purpose. The noble animal in the passage did not give them time to make their selections. It barked until it aroused Mr. WRIGHT, who, "having armed himself with a stout stick," boldly advanced upon the marauders. Promptly grasping the situation, he proceeded to hit HICKS "on the top of the head" with the stout stick, and HICKS must have a stout top to his head, for the stick was broken. He thereupon unfastened the dog, "which flew at the intruders and bit both of them about the legs." Mr. WRIGHT followed up his advantage by calling in "a man who happened to be passing," and he was followed by Constable GRIFFITH EVANS. Thus the enemy were secured; but, unfortunately, while they were all in the dark, Mr. WRIGHT laid hold of the man who had happened to be passing, and the dog—which, of course, could see in the dark—very properly refused to consider whether its master was correct or not in thinking he had got hold of a burglar. It flew at the man, and bit him badly. ("All the men were badly bitten.") He must have been tempted to wish that he had not happened to be passing. Nor did the feats of the St. Bernard end there. "It also bit the constable. It was a very healthy animal." It appears, as a healthy animal should, to have thoroughly enjoyed the affair. The burglars, "suffering from dog-bites," were then consigned to a prison cell, and next morning Mr. MEAD remanded them.

These affecting details make it clear that dogs of the famous St. Bernard breed do not lose their unparalleled intelligence by transplantation from their original snows to Stepney. Even the peculiar characteristics of the training bestowed upon the ancestors of Mr. WRIGHT's animal many generations ago may be detected in its conduct of the other night. Its hereditarily-acquired habits of mind taught it to succour Mr. WRIGHT from the frosts of impending impoverishment. They did not teach it to distinguish much between man and man. If a St. Bernard dog dug from the snow a lost and unconscious Irish Nationalist, it is probable that it would not for a moment hesitate to inquire whether Mr. PARNELL or Mr. ANTI-PARNELL had the prior claim upon the services of that belated patriot. It would force a drink down his throat, pick him up conveniently in its mouth, and trot off to the convent with him, without asking any questions. Even so Mr. WRIGHT's dog, perceiving persons who seemed to be in a perilous position, did not stop to ask whether they were felons, or good and lawful men in pursuit of felons. It simply did its utmost to remove them to some safer locality. It is noteworthy too that, though accustomed, in its own person or through its forbears, to cold and exposure, it remained "very healthy" even while confined in a Stepney pawnbroker's passage. One thing it seems to have lacked. We do not read that it wore round its neck the miniature cask of cordial which we are accustomed to see depicted in artistic representations of animals of the species engaged upon their errands of mercy. If it had,

the woes of Constable EVANS and the man who happened to be passing might have been immediately assuaged by a short and pleasing process believed to be prophylactic against several kinds of poisoning, and, therefore, not improbably against some of the remoter consequences of dog-bite. Even the stricken and captured burglars might have partaken of the flowing bowl, and if they had not absolutely succeeded in wiping out the memory of their offence, might at least have gone to the police-station in charity with men and dogs, especially St. Bernards.

#### CHOICE ITALIAN AND CHOPPED LOGIC.

"MY Lords," or "My Commissioners," have replied to the prayer of an exceptionally weighty body of petitioners against the exclusion of Italian from the Indian Civil Service examinations, and have refused it. They were within their right in doing so. Unluckily for them, they have given their reasons through the mouth of Mr. POSTE, and the *Times* has described Mr. POSTE, truly, as "one of the most eminent Aristotelians of his time," and, with truth less obvious, as "not forgetting his dialectics." This is scarcely a very "dialectical" form of eulogium. A man may know his ARISTOTLE monstrous well, and yet not reason quite like that stout Stagirite. Moreover, the challenge implied is a little unwise. We gave some time ago our own reasons why Italian should not be turned out, and we shall not weakly repeat them. But we propose to have a turn with Mr. POSTE's dialectics, which seem to us, simple as we stand, to savour much more of the official than of the Aristotelian. The original plan of the Indian Civil Service Examination, says Mr. POSTE in effect, as proposed by Lord MACAULAY's Committee, contemplated more especially the admission of such subjects as enter into the curricula of the Universities. As the Universities extended these curricula, it has been necessary to extend the examination. Law, Modern History, Oriental Languages, Science, have accordingly been added. The extension has necessitated retrenchment. English has been retained "for obvious reasons"; French and German because they are taught at school (we heard nothing about school just now), at Cambridge, and at Dublin. To add Italian to the list would introduce (*legeretain*) "a subject which, as far as the language is concerned, has been found to lend itself with peculiar readiness to the abuse of examination, called 'mark-hunting.'" The public schools do not teach Italian. Oxford makes no systematic provision for the study of it. "It occupies, indeed, a subordinate position on the Cambridge Tripos; but, to judge from the published class lists, this offers so few attractions that it may be" called "a school without scholars" (Mr. POSTE subjoins the lists). Lastly, the examination is not intended to prescribe a curriculum, but to obtain an adequate supply of highly-educated candidates. If the Universities want Italian to be included, let them teach it.

We think Mr. POSTE will not deny that this is a fair summary of his argument; and, if ARISTOTLE were here, let us be condemned to rewrite his entire works in the Greek of PLATO if he would not pronounce the thing in his polite, ironic way *ὁ πᾶν φιλόσοφος*. For let us see. English, French, and German are retained, at least partly, because they form part of the Cambridge curriculum in that very Tripos, and as the major part of that very Tripos, in which Italian is included. The Cambridge practice is an *argumentum probans* as to them: an *argumentum improbens* as to Italian. And why? Because there have been few classes given in the Tripos, which busies itself specially with the languages which the Commissioners retain. Did Mr. POSTE ever hear a legend—of course it was only a legend—that the Natural Science School of his own University, after being founded far more years than have passed since this unhappy Tripos came into being, once issued a class list with no First, no Second, and one Third? Might it not possibly occur to him, as an expert in examinations, that a school is not built in a day, and that the best way to exclude that reprehensible practice of "mark-hunting" is to hold "la dragée haute"? Oxford does not teach Italian. Did it in Lord MACAULAY's day? Is not Italian a "Taylorian" subject, with a Teacher and Scholarships and everything handsome about it? But Italian "lends itself to mark-hunting"—in less sublime language, is crammable. Then how is it that the Cambridge Class-lists are so slim? For your undergraduate scents a crammable subject like a



bloodhound. And how is it that the doubtless distinguished persons whom Mr. POSTE employed failed to stop this practice? When the examinee mark-hunts successfully, the examiner, not the subject, is condemned—a sound principle which not only Mr. POSTE, but Mr. A. J. BUTLER in a letter to the *Daily News*, seems to ignore. And, last, are the favoured subjects which have been preferred so free from this danger? Mr. POSTE and Mr. GODLEY are, doubtless, accomplished Italian scholars. Will they really contend that it is easier to cram the *Paradiso* than History, or than one of the favourite scientific subjects of the day?

We need say no more. The decision of the Commissioners may or may not be wise, but their reasons are naught. One flower we may, however, pluck from this nettle. Let those, if there be such, who honestly profess to advocate the study of Greek, and yet clamour for its becoming "facultative" at the Universities, read this letter of Mr. POSTE's, and reflect.

#### THE SESSION THUS FAR.

THERE seems to be some difference of opinion among the critics with respect to the performances of the House of Commons since its meeting in January last. Some have heartily congratulated it on the progress which has been made with public business. Others lament the backward state of the chief legislative measure of the Session, and shake their heads over the prospect which will await the Ministerial programme when Parliament reassembles after Easter. The difference between these two views is, of course, superficially great, and, when they are respectively advanced by commentators equally well affected towards the Government, seems at first sight inexplicable. Nevertheless, there is little difficulty in reconciling these conflicting opinions. The attention of the pessimists is too exclusively fixed on the article of legislation; the optimists have taken more account of the progress achieved in the department of Supply. This, of course, is of a kind which makes little or no show, and which, indeed, is hardly to be measured at all except by a process of calculation the materials of which are not accessible to the ordinary reader of the newspapers. He, however, must be content to take it on trust from the better informed that the business of Supply is in an exceptionally forward condition for the time of year. The Government have profited almost as much since Christmas by the confusion and disorganization of their opponents as they did during the sittings of November and December last. Irish votes have been passed almost unchallenged through Committee of Supply, while Irish politicians have been exchanging challenges with each other, and the militant energies which under other conditions would have been devoted to the badgering of Mr. BALFOUR have this year exhausted themselves in the electoral contest at North Sligo and the melodramatic wranglings at Cork. The gain thus accruing to the Government ought not to be undervalued because it has been, from the popular point of view, imperfectly appreciated. It has, no doubt, been something of a disappointment to the public to see that the Land Purchase Bill has made no advance since the House rose in December; but the time has been well spent in clearing the way for it; and this advantage will be felt after the Easter recess, when the Government will be able to devote themselves to its prosecution unembarrassed, for a considerable time to come, by the demands of Supply.

If, however, the aspect of Parliamentary affairs is more promising than the pessimists represent it, there is some reason to fear that the optimists are falling into the opposite error, and that the anticipations of a close of the Session at so early a date as the middle of July are altogether too sanguine. A fair field for the Land Purchase Bill from the first week of April onward is no doubt something to be thankful for, but it scarcely justifies any excessive jubilation. For, in the first place, the Land Purchase Bill is in itself a measure of which it is peculiarly difficult to predict the future Parliamentary history. Even if we regard its main principle as accepted in form, as of course it is, there may still be opportunities for re-arguing the question in substance under the guise of amendments, and its capacities for developing contentious issues on more or less important matters of detail have yet to be ascertained by actual experiment. Then, again, it is most misleading to talk as if the

Government would be in a position to devote their undivided attention to it after Easter is passed. Among their first engagements on the reassembling of Parliament will be the introduction of the Budget, and if Mr. GLADSTONE'S recent speeches afford any indication of his intentions, he may be meditating a grand attack upon Mr. GOSCHEN'S methods of finance. Nor, apart from this, can we forget, with the experience of last Session fresh in our memories, that the proposals of a Budget may sometimes give rise to controversies which swallow up all others. Nothing, it is true, of quite so contentious a nature as the unlucky compensation project is likely to emerge from it this year; but, if a scheme for assisting education should have a place in it, we may be pretty sure that an Opposition thus threatened with "dishing" would find a good deal to say about it—all, of course, in the way of thoroughly benevolent and public-spirited criticism—between April and July. On the whole, therefore, it would be as well not to cherish too roseate a view of the prospects of the Session. Its course has been fairly satisfactory so far, and with good luck it may continue to be so to the end; but that is about all that can be at present said with safety.

#### PEEL AND HIS LATEST BIOGRAPHER.

THE present is the day of small books on great men. The reading world is deluged with handy volumes dealing with the lives, career, and works of statesmen, men of letters, and men of action—soldiers and sailors, adventurers and explorers. Not the worst way of studying English history certainly is in the lives of great Englishmen. The method in some degree, it must be admitted, is a condescension to a peculiar condition of the public mind, in which a widely-diffused curiosity is combined with an equally common reluctance to take too much trouble for its gratification. Like the visitor to the Circumlocution Office, the general reader "wants to know, you know." His interest is not deep; it would be quite possible soon to exhaust it. His attention is easily fatigued. But he wants to know a good many things about a good many persons who are to him at present little more than traditions. The series of volumes in course of publication by Messrs. MACMILLAN, under the general title of "Twelve English Statesmen," meets this want with a greater approach to system and completeness than is found in most similar enterprises. The names selected are really typical of periods in our history, and as nearly as may be include all its great marking periods since the Norman Conquest. Mr. J. R. THURSFIELD'S *Peel* chronologically concludes the series, though in the order of publication it has anticipated the sketches of some statesmen of an earlier date. Mr. JOHN MORLEY has given us WALPOLE, but he has yet to give us CHATHAM and the younger PITT; and Mr. E. S. BEESLY waits to carry us back from the Georgian and Victorian period to that of ELIZABETH. PEEL has of late suffered many things of many biographers—or, rather, let us say, has had the privilege of sitting posthumously for his portrait to three considerable artists. Mr. F. C. MONTAGU'S sketch in "the Statesmen Series" is not superseded either by Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S *Sir Robert Peel*, in the series called "The Queen's Prime Ministers," or by the volume which Mr. THURSFIELD has just given to the world so soon after Mr. MCCARTHY'S as to be almost contemporaneous with it. Yet of these three competitors the palm will probably be assigned by most competent critics to Mr. THURSFIELD. His volume is a serious and valuable study of the personal character and statesmanship of PEEL and of the period over which his public career extended. This Mr. MCCARTHY'S scarcely pretended, or at best only pretended, to be. In spite of his Parliamentary experience and his public position, Mr. MCCARTHY is essentially the man of letters dealing with politics and history. He gives us a kind of Circulating Library PEEL, a PEEL for the young ladies who ask for a book at MUDIE'S—"not a novel, 'you know'—or for the students at Bedford College, if we may mention MUDIE'S and that academic grove in the same breath. It is, as we have already had the pleasure of testifying, easily and gracefully written. But the portraiture is of the chromo-lithographic kind. There is a flimsiness and gloss about the style somewhat like that of the cheaper kinds of silk, which contrasts unfavourably with the close and well-knit texture of Mr. THURSFIELD'S narrative. In other words, Mr. THURSFIELD'S

volume is that of a political student and thinker, who has made himself master of his subject, which he handles with scholarly exactitude of detail, and with mental precision, and yet with freedom and animation.

The curiosity in PEEL which has endowed him with three nearly contemporary biographers, and which the promised publication of his correspondence as Irish and Home Secretary from 1812 to 1827 will further stimulate and gratify, is not at first easily intelligible. In his bearing and character there was nothing that was fascinating, scarcely anything that was superficially interesting. His greatest achievements had little in them to strike the public imagination. But he is near enough to our time, and the problems which occupied him are sufficiently like those which engage us, to make him intelligible. He sprang from a class which for more than a half-century has been, and is only now ceasing to be, the governing, though not the office-holding, class in England. His conduct on two great occasions has given rise to those questions of personal good faith, or, at least, of rightly or wrongly directed casuistry, which, like all questions that can never be decisively settled, have a perennial interest for disputants. Was PEEL a traitor who betrayed his party to gratify his own ambition, or a patriot who sacrificed his party and endangered his fair fame in the interest of his sovereign and country? Mr. THURSFIELD'S answer to these questions is an acquittal of PEEL, and in that acquittal there will be substantial and general concurrence. He expresses his estimate of PEEL'S intellectual character in the phrase that, though he had insight in the highest degree, he lacked foresight. But surely insight in the highest degree implies foresight, and foresight depends on nothing else. We should say that PEEL was absolutely without insight into the deeper and more permanent forces of opinion and tendency, and therefore that he could not foresee their issues. He had great sensitiveness to the pressure of the moment, its force and direction, and a quick eye for the exigencies of circumstances. He was not engaged with what is right in thought, but with what is safe or dangerous in action.

Mr. THURSFIELD gives from private sources a more correct account than has yet been published of the family and early life of PEEL. His father devoted him in his infancy to the service of the State, in gratitude to him for having come into the world, after a period of disappointed expectancy. On the principle that an orator is made, and not born, the first Sir ROBERT was in the habit of making his son recite upon a table. A similar discipline had been put in practice before by CHATHAM with his second son. We have heard, on good authority, that Mr. GLADSTONE was taught after the same fashion the lesson which he has learned so thoroughly, not to be afraid of his own voice. The discipline failed to teach PEEL self-confidence, except in the House of Commons. That was the only place outside his domestic circle in which he was ever at home. Mr. THURSFIELD says that as a boy PEEL would walk a mile round rather than encounter the rude jests of the Bury lads. To the latest day of his Parliamentary life, he would steal out of the House of Commons as if he expected a policeman's hand on his shoulder. There seems to have been a period during which this shamefacedness was overcome. In reviewing Mr. MCCARTHY'S volume the other day, we quoted a passage from a contemporary observer which suggests that, in attempting to subdue his shyness, PEEL had forced himself into a manner of almost extravagant "cockiness." Lord LIVERPOOL, describing him to the Duke of RICHMOND, on his appointment to the Irish Secretaryship, says:—"He has a particularly good temper and great frankness and openness of manner." One would think he was speaking of Mr. LOWTHER. PEEL'S later reserve, and what were considered his bad manners, were no doubt due to the fact that, with all his patriotism and disinterestedness, he was always much occupied with himself. His shadow haunted him. He could not lose, in the interest of the work he was doing, the consciousness of himself doing it. This habit of mind led to the egotism which marked his speeches beyond that of any contemporary politician. No one used the word "I" so much as he did. When usage and Ministerial and Parliamentary etiquette required that he should associate his colleagues with him so far as to say "we," the first person singular always obtruded itself.

We cannot follow Mr. THURSFIELD in his general narrative, nor into his special discussions of those well-worn topics, PEEL'S conversions on the Currency, Catholic, and the Corn-law questions; nor into the constitutional doctrines involved in his acceptance of office in 1834,

and in his refusal of office on the Bed Chamber question. Not altogether to abdicate our critical function, we may point out one or two slight errors into which Mr. THURSFIELD has fallen. Dr. RENN DICKSON HAMPDEN, Bishop of Hereford, was not JOHN HAMPDEN. In partially accepting Lord BROUGHAM'S ridiculous stories about his own audacious conduct, as Chancellor, in the dissolution of 1831, Mr. THURSFIELD has neglected the refutation of them supplied by the present Lord GREY in a note upon the published correspondence of his father with WILLIAM IV. Not a few advanced politicians and rationalist theologians will receive a shock on reading that Mr. BRIGHT was surpassed as an Anti-Corn-Law orator "by W. J. FOX, another eloquent Quaker, whose name is now almost forgotten." Is it possible that, as Mr. THURSFIELD'S pen, rather than his mind, converted Bishop HAMPDEN into JOHN HAMPDEN, so that self-willed implement has mixed up GEORGE FOX with the rationalist preacher of South Place? These, however, are trivial oversights, and do not detract from the merit of Mr. THURSFIELD'S interesting biography.

#### THE GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

THE Gladstonian conscience seems to be strangely uneasy on the question of allotments. It is haunted, apparently, by the fear that the electors of rural constituencies may suppose that Mr. GLADSTONE is not—or was not—particularly keen on providing three-acre plots, even without a cow, for every agricultural labourer; and the Gladstonian accordingly shows a nervous anxiety to disabuse the bucolic mind—or the georgic mind, if the cow is to be omitted—of this unjust impression. So far, indeed, has Mr. C. A. FYFFE been carried by this solicitude, that he has been endeavouring to promote his candidature for East Wilts by calling Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as a witness to Mr. GLADSTONE'S excellent intention in the above matter. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, he declared, "on joining the Ministry of 1886, had authority from Mr. GLADSTONE to deal with the allotment question." This, it seems, was a slightly varied version of a statement made by the same candidate in May last, when he said that "instructions bearing on the question of power to local authorities to take land for allotments were given by Mr. GLADSTONE to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. COLLINGS." This highly specific allegation was contradicted at the time by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and withdrawn by Mr. FYFFE. Reappearing, however, in the more indefinite terms above quoted, it has again been denied by the member for West Birmingham, with the result of eliciting from Mr. FYFFE the explanation that he did not regard the second statement as a repetition of the first. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, he remarked, had not "controverted" the substance of Mr. GLADSTONE'S letter of May last—"namely, that the instalment of yourself and Mr. COLLINGS at the Local Government Board meant the adoption of 'the policy in question'; and he further quotes Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S own avowal of his having informed Mr. GLADSTONE, previously to joining the Ministry, that "he would certainly not do so unless he was allowed a free hand in regard to this subject." How "being allowed a free hand" differs from "having authority to deal with a subject" Mr. FYFFE fails to perceive.

Unfortunately, however, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN finds it equally difficult to appreciate the distinction between "having authority" to deal with a subject and having received "instructions" to deal with it. Both contentions are from their respective points of view plausible; but it is, of course, impossible to admit them both. Otherwise we should get the formula "a free hand" (which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN admits)="authority"=instructions (which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN denies). Therefore, what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN admits=what he denies, which—in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S case, though by no means in all cases—is absurd. The *equivocum*, of course, is the word "authority," on the selection of which, whether intentional or unintentional, Mr. FYFFE is to be warmly congratulated. His revered leader himself could hardly have hit upon a word more convenient. "Authority to deal" with a question may mean anything, from instructions to draft a Bill on the subject without a day's delay, down to permission to do so within a period not exceeding six months from the coming of the Coqigrués. We leave it to the candour of Mr. FYFFE and the electors



of East Wilts to determine which of these constructions we are to adopt, or which of the two, at any rate, would be nearer the mark—of the facts—in interpreting the terms on which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN entered the Cabinet and Mr. COLLINGS joined the Government of 1886. The truth, of course, is that it did not, and could not, matter either to Mr. GLADSTONE, or to the dupes of the vote which brought him into power, whether he gave Mr. CHAMBERLAIN "authority" or "a free hand," or even instructions on the subject of allotments. It was as certain as anything could be that the Home Rule question into which Mr. GLADSTONE dragged, and from the first intended to drag, his party headlong would abort all other questions, not only in that Session but, so far as human foresight could judge, for many Sessions to come, and this whether he had succeeded in forcing or dodging his Disruption Bill through the Lower House or not. Hence, if Mr. JESSE COLLINGS's clients complain, as they do complain, that they were "sold," the Gladstonian, however little he likes doing so, had better admit the deception, and promise atonement. His uneasy attempts to make out that there was no deception will only be recognized as that most painful and inedifying of all spectacles—the writhings of a guilty, but still unrepentant, conscience.

#### ORIENTAL FRUITS.

IT is stated that the Messageries Nationales Steamship Company will pay great attention henceforth to the importation of frozen fruit from the East Indies. Doubtless the French have peculiar claims to that branch of commerce, as the most intelligent of fruit-growers, and also as hereditary purveyors for the table throughout the civilized world. But one may feel a shade of regret, sentimental, or even business-like, in observing that the establishment of this enterprise on a large scale has been left to the foreigner. He will be dependent for ninety per cent. of his trade, at least, and that the most important, on territories under the British flag. The shippers will be British mostly. Our vessels were fitted with cold-rooms and all other necessities before the French entered into serious competition. For a number of years they have even carried fruit, of the rarer and more delicate class, in small quantity, from one Oriental port to another. It seems a pity that our great Companies have not thought of extending the same system. Dismissing that consideration, however, we hail the project of the Messageries with delight. It is high time that the fruits of the tropics were introduced to Europe. Every one has heard of them, and not a small proportion of Britons, in a certain stage of society, recollect them with a vain longing. They may or may not be superior to apples and pears and peaches, and so forth—no fruit on earth compares, upon the whole, with our strawberry. But it is not needful to make comparisons. The taste, the character of tropical products are utterly distinct from those of the temperate zone, and they will be welcome if only on that account. Nor is it the rich alone who will profit. The most characteristic and most valuable of Eastern fruits are borne on lofty trees. Perhaps they could be improved by attention; the growth and the crop might be more assured doubtless. But, as a matter of fact, plantains alone are cultivated in the sense we understand. All fruit trees are private property everywhere, if, that is, they belong to the species recognized as such; for there are others, very agreeable too, which the natives call wild, and never appropriate. When an inexperienced traveller comes upon a single mango, or durian, or mangosteen in thick jungle, miles and miles away from a village, he may be surprised to learn that it belongs to anybody in particular. But private property it is, planted perhaps generations ago, or discovered by some wandering householder. In the neighbourhood of towns orchards are common, of course, but made simply by boring a hole and dropping in seed into it, without further cultivation to speak of. Fruit enough for the market is raised upon this careless system. But if the demand increased, the supply is unlimited. It would be worth while for those admirable gardeners, the Chinamen, to take up fruit-growing, and in ten years or so the finest varieties might be cheap in London—not in Paris, probably, for the Municipal Council would not neglect such a chance of augmenting the *octroi*.

Many bronzed and grey veterans who rejoice over this news will think, first, of an Oriental product which we do not class among table-fruits—the cocoanut. Sweet and succulent things are for boys and girls; a veteran's thoughts fly to the kitchen—especially, if he spent his youth in the East, to curry. Infinite almost are the varieties of that dish, but the greatest of them is the Malay. Philosophers have laid down that Nature provides but four essential flavourings for meat—the onion, the tomato, the oyster, and the mushroom, unless, as is held by some whose enthusiasm will not be restrained by science, the truffle must be granted a place by itself. That this limit to the number of essential tastes should be accepted by savants proves, if it be needful, what a blessed boon to mankind is Malay curry. For it has a flavour unlike any earthly dish, as distinct as *bouillabaisse*, but inherently superior, inasmuch as it never palls. Quite the reverse. Comparatively few like it at the first trial, whereas every

one loves *bouillabaisse* until he gets sick of it. After a very few weeks, however, Malay curry grows and grows upon the palate, until it becomes the necessary finish to a meal, just like coffee. And the secret is cocoanut. There lies the essential difference between this and all other curries. But the cocoanut must be used at a certain stage of development, when its milk, as we say, has just begun to condense, like cream, around the shell. Almost every man who has learned to regard Malay curry as a staff of life makes an effort to obtain it after returning home—sets his cook to scrape the outer surface of that rancid composition which we eat, and use it *secundum artem*. Utterly vain! Coriander seed and the rest keep something of their flavour when dry, but of the precious cocoanut, the very soul of the dish, not a trace remains. Sadly, after many trials, he resigns himself, and another tie to existence is snapped. Judge then how hopeless veterans will flutter and chirp at the prospect of receiving fresh cocoanuts and revelling in Malay curry once again before they die!

Of other fruits the mango will be most important doubtless. Sad it is to think how small is the proportion of men familiar with this divine fruit who have ever tasted the real ambrosia. Any specimens can be found in the West Indies or continental America, that have been introduced lately. There are groves all over the world at this day, but scarcely a tree in a million probably yields the "right" mango. Thirty years ago, even in the Far East, one found it only in botanic gardens, or in the grounds of some bungalow where English people had dwelt for a generation. They are cutting down trees everywhere now, and replanting with the genuine variety; but so late as the Egyptian war there was not a mango in the gardens of Ismailia which did not reek with turpentine. That horrid flavour, in its degree, marks the distinction among bad varieties. People unacquainted with better things learn to disregard the turpentine, to love it, possibly; but one who knows the real "No. 9, Bombay" finds it even more offensive than the newly-landed European. Doubtless the mango was introduced to all the countries of the Far East from India no very long time ago. It was not known in the Philippines when the Spaniards came, and the Dutch first planted it in the Moluccas in 1655. The various names everywhere are corruptions from the Sanscrit. Siam alone appears to have received Bombay varieties. Elsewhere seed was imported from Madras, all more or less inferior. The establishment of a great European trade will stimulate the commendable process of extirpating these traitors.

Mangos, if they be "right," are worshipped by all human beings; but they can never be a table dish. Ingenuity cannot suggest a method of eating this most succulent fruit with cleanliness—not to speak of decorum. The best way is, no doubt, to consume it in one's bath, for the acid juice leaves a stain indelible, and presently burns a hole. For this cause alone the mangosteen will be more favoured in society; a cultured taste would prefer it under all circumstances. There is no fruit so elegant when prepared for the table—that is, simply split in two. The deep red casing, half an inch thick, frames a dainty white globe, semi-opaque, resembling porcelain, divided into segments, each containing a single seed. In grace of appearance, in comfort of eating, and in delicacy of flavour, this is the ideal of fruits. Europeans who dwell in those parts of Asia where the mangosteen will not thrive—that is, almost all parts—used to sneer that its special merit lies in this very limited range of distribution. The Straits Settlement has not much to brag of, and so makes the most of its peculiar fruit. The charge was laughable, and no one ventures to bring it forward now, when mangosteens may be bought in the coast towns, at least, everywhere. Moreover, it is proved nowadays that the range is not nearly so narrow, though the trees demand some attention outside the Straits, and the fruit is less delicious. Every one knows how a Duke of Northumberland grew two specimens, each of which ripened a single fruit, after thirty years and fabulous expense—gave one to Her Majesty, ate the other, and cut down the trees next day. The place of them is still shown at Syon House. At present, mangosteens are common in the Philippines; they do fairly in Ceylon and Siam.

An Oriental fruit valued above all others in the wide region where it has its home, would be flatly impossible in Covent Garden. If one cannot eat the mango with comfort and dignity at table, one could not carry a durian through the streets. It would be amusing to try the experiment, and when the Messageries supplies an opportunity—as doubtless it will, in the thoroughgoing French style of business—some humorous Britons may probably take advantage of it. We fancy the commotion of the public as their cab goes by, the bewildered activity of Inspectors of Nuisances, the indignant letters to the press. One ripe durian would infect Fleet Street as it passed along, alarm every householder about his drains, and suggest a question in Parliament. Whether this famous fruit deserve the enthusiasm it arouses is not to be asked. There are comestibles in almost every tropical land which fascinate the native, which the stranger also comes to love after a certain length of residence. The durian is one of them. Its incredible stench dwells in the thorny rind alone; that broken, one finds a yellow custard inside, rather uninviting to the eye, but certainly not disagreeable to any sense. Personally, we do not care for it, finding a *soupeon* of onions, which spoils a taste otherwise pleasant enough. Probably, however, there are great diversities in the durian as in the mango, for the flavour of that custard, as admirers declare, should be cream and filberts. It may be said that all Europeans,

men or women, who have lived a few years in the Far East are numbered among those admirers. In every settlement there is a club the members of which assemble by turns at one another's house to eat durian. Recruits are welcomed with peculiar alacrity. For each new member delays the recurrence of that awful effluvium to which the householder must sacrifice his comfort at stated intervals.

These three are the grand Oriental fruits; for the pineapple is an introduction from America, and it does not attain such a high average of excellence as in its native home. The Singapore variety will be prized, nevertheless, as a charming ornament for the table, and so delicious in flavour that only connoisseurs would pronounce it less good than the best. The shading of purple on its golden tubercles, the bold striations of purple and crimson on its leaves, make a royal bouquet. Of other fruits there are several which, it is not unlikely, will prove to be as popular as any in Europe—the duku, the lancet, the rambutan, the delightful “Chinese gooseberry,” and an indefinite number of jungle products which, if they were submitted to cultivation, would yield a regular and abundant crop probably. They are so good, all of them, that a demand would certainly arise, if a few stray specimens found their way to Covent Garden. The action of the Messageries will be not less a boon to Orientals than to ourselves.

#### THE BOAT RACE.

WHEN we have said that the Boat Race was good enough to console those who followed it for the fearful weather in which it was rowed we have said a great thing. There are perhaps some who will hold that it was such a race as it was worth facing the weather of last Saturday morning for, on bank or bridge. The enthusiasm of these people must be boundless, and for our own part we should be inclined to deny that any race run or rowed by mere mortals could be of such excellence as to make it worth the while of flesh and blood which is liable to colds, to stand and be snowed upon, and drenched, and blown about by icy northerly and north-easterly winds. The start or the finish of a race, or the momentary view of two eights rushing past, is not a joy equivalent to such sufferings. A great many others seem to be of our opinion; for the crowd on the banks was far smaller than it was last year, smaller than it would have been even at the early hour fixed for the race if the weather had been fine. The contrast with last year was painful. Then the day was delightful, and there was actual pleasure in being on the water. Last Saturday the best that could be said for the morning was that it sent you back well disposed to enjoy lunch. It was not that “the eating cold meat and bread and drinking small beer was a regale beyond imagination,” as Roger North found it at Harwich. Soup very hot and chops thickly peppered, and Burgundy, were actually needed to restore circulation.

Still the race was a fine race. As has happened before and will again, it showed the very little wisdom with which the prophets (if that is their right name) fix the scale of betting. The odds were two to one, or even finally three to one, on Oxford, and yet the boats were as nearly equal all through as boats can be without an actual heat. Throughout the greater part of the race it was hardly possible to tell from behind which boat was leading, and the pretty general impression produced on spectators was that, if the positions of the boats had been reversed, the race might have ended in favour of Cambridge. The quality of the losers was shown by the way in which they gained on Oxford after passing Barnes Bridge. At this point the bend of the river was in favour of Oxford, which took the Middlesex side, as it did last year, and yet the Cambridge men reduced the lead, and, if the winners had not exerted themselves, would not improbably have made the race a draw. Such a finish as this shows that the quality of the crews must have been singularly equal, unless we are to suppose that Oxford deliberately did less than it could have done, which, considering how very moderate its lead was at the best, is incredible. After this there will be less reason than ever to put any confidence in the prophecies, estimates, and criticisms which are poured out for weeks before the race comes off. This year the authorities were as near as may be unanimous in declaring that Oxford would have an easy victory, and that was, we are told, the opinion of the scratch crews which rowed against the boats during the practising. But there never was a moment in the race till the very end in which the result did not appear doubtful. At every stage of the struggle the actual position and progress of the boats contradicted all the probabilities. It was to the credit of the Cambridge crew that they resisted the temptation to which they succumbed last year. They did not endeavour to gain a lead at the beginning when the bend of the river was in their favour, as they did last year, thereby unduly tiring themselves too soon. On the contrary, it was Oxford which led as far as Rosebank Villa. Then Cambridge pulled up till it was leading at Hammersmith Bridge, and it increased its lead still further. Under the protection of the bank, which in this part of the course was an invaluable protection to the boat which had the Middlesex side in the wind then blowing, Oxford again drew ahead. When at the Upper Mall the turn of the river brought the wind behind, Cambridge first gained ground and then came level with and headed Oxford off Chiswick Eyot. Then off Thorneycroft's works Oxford drew up again, and having regained the lead kept it till the end. This is certainly the history of a remarkably equal race. The alternate gains and losses of the boats show

that the crews differed very little in quality, and can be nearly all accounted for by the influence of the windings of the course and of the bank. Their position on the Middlesex side undoubtedly helped Oxford to gain the lead they held at the Upper Mall. If Cambridge had been on the better side, they might not improbably have been ahead when the boats entered the smooth water. In that case, with wind and tide in its favour, the lighter boat would have had a very fair chance of obtaining a lead of which it would not have been again deprived. This, however, is the fortune of racing, and Cambridge may have the luck next time. It was hard on them that the wind should have been against them at the beginning of the race, and the position at the end. They have all the more reason to be proud of themselves for the pluck and good management which turned what promised to be a very hollow affair into a fine race. The rowing of Oxford was so good and steady as fully to justify the high opinion formed of them, and they were both steered and stroked so as to get the full benefit of all the conditions in their favour, and to suffer as little as might be by those which were against them.

#### THE THREATENED DESTRUCTION OF HANOVER CHAPEL.

CERTAINLY we are an odd people in London. Once or twice in a century an architect of real genius appears, who, when the opportunity is given him, adorns our not too beautiful city with proofs of his skill. All competent judges combine to praise his works. His name stands inscribed among the leading men of his profession (or is it an art? Many letters have been written on the matter; but the controversy seems still undecided). A few generations pass over our heads. The once great name is forgotten or jostled out of the way by more recent aspirants to fame, and the new generation, which knows not its former benefactors—a character which belongs most strictly to every designer of a beautiful building—coolly proceeds to destroy the monuments of their architectural skill. Their style is not the popular style of the day. Instead of being admired as once they were, they are pronounced “tasteless,” “unsuited for present wants,” “out of keeping with present ideas.” And so the beautiful things disappear one after another, and London—may we not say England?—is left so much the poorer. The time comes when we bitterly lament the inconsiderateness of our action. But no regrets will bring back what has been so recklessly destroyed. Northumberland House, the Burlington Colonnade, the Quadrant in Regent Street, City churches without number, whose steeples and spires, in the variety of their forms, the beauty of their outlines, and their appropriateness to their position, were among the chief triumphs of the genius of England's greatest architect, Sir Christopher Wren, have one by one been sacrificed to the demons of utility and lucre, which hold nothing sacred so long as it can be plausibly urged that it stands in the way of public convenience, or that its sale will produce so many thousand pounds. While we write Wren's exquisite little church of St. Mildred's, Bread Street, in which on a chill December morning in 1816 a “ceremony,” so “magical in its effects,” was “undergone” by Shelley and Mary Godwin, to the “no little satisfaction” of Godwin and his wife, is waiting the execution of its sentence, and John Newton's Church of St. Mary Woolnoth, Hawksmoor's stately and characteristic design, has been once more assailed with clamours for its demolition. Doubtless such a site, in the very centre of London commerce, would prove a very gold mine to its vendors. Can we wonder if such a temptation proves well-nigh irresistible? What are religious or historic associations when weighed in the balance against so much solid gain?

And so the game goes merrily on, and year by year our city London loses more and more of its historic and artistic character and becomes increasingly identified with the dreary commonplace, all flourish and display, devoid of anything that can elevate or refine, which is so fatally prevalent. The latest act of Vandalism proposed—which, unless arrested by a strong protest, such as that which so happily saved, “by the skin of its teeth,” Gibbs's beautiful church of St. Mary-le-Strand, is too likely to be accomplished—the demolition of the late Professor Cockerell's “Hanover Chapel,” at the top of Regent Street, if not absolutely the worst, is as bad as any that have of late years been suggested. Cockerell, though he executed but little, stands in the very first rank among the architects of this century, and by his mastery of Grecian architecture in its greatest purity did much, as Professor Aitchison has said, to “remove the stigma affixed by Continental critics that modern English architecture was incapable of rising above Gothic and Elizabethan.” In early life he travelled much in Italy and Greece, and was a close and receptive student of their architectural remains, drinking more fully into the spirit of classical art, especially that of Greece, than almost any of his contemporaries. Whatever he did—and, as we have said, to our great loss he did too little—showed in every line how fully he had appreciated the grace and refinement of Greek art. Every detail was carefully studied, both in itself and in its relation to the whole, so that perfect harmony prevails through the whole design. London has too few of the works of this great master of his art to show. We might have had “Houses of Parliament” and a “Royal Exchange,” for he sent in designs for both, designs full of originality, and striking in the picturesque and effective arrangement of the



masses. But they were too original to be appreciated at that early hour, and the stately but more commonplace designs of Barry and Tate were preferred. Besides the London and Westminster Bank in Lothbury, and the Sun Fire Office at the corner of Threadneedle Street, and St. Bartholomew's Church in Cripplegate, a re-creation of Wren's destroyed St. Bartholomew's Gate Exchange, we cannot recall any of his works in London, and some of what he did build have already passed away. The beautiful "Dividend Warrant Office" at the Bank of England, built in 1835, was pulled down in 1849, and Regent Street, which contains the now threatened church, has already lost the very pleasing entrance to Archbishop Tenison's Chapel designed by him, now basely converted into a shop. Hanover Chapel—we wish it had a more ecclesiastical name, but that it can easily receive—is the only building in London which fully exhibits the grace, elegance, and originality, the purity of design, and refinement of detail, for which Cockerell was so justly celebrated. Its stately Ionic portico, suggested by that of Minerva at Priene, with its tall flanking turrets, by its sober dignity imparts a welcome sense of repose to a street still, with all its faults, the most effective in London, and relieves the eye and mind fatigued with a long succession of brilliant shop-fronts, with what has been too truly characterized as "the only piece of real architecture" through its whole length. The loss of such a building in such a position would be irreparable. The interior, also, is a piece of most graceful design, and shows consummate skill in dealing with an awkward wedge-shaped area where side-lights were almost impossible. It is lighted by a glazed dome supported on pillars and ante with capitals of the early stiff-leaved Corinthian sort, as is seen in the Temple of the Winds at Athens. Built at a time when the only idea of a "Protestant place of worship" was that it should be an "auditorium" to contain as many people as possible within sight and hearing of the preacher, it is needless to say that, with its double galleries and shallow altar recess, it is as far as possible from conforming to the ritual requirements that have since grown up. But it is capable of adaptation, as not a few of the London churches have been adapted—how far they have been improved is another question—to the wants of the day. To pull it down is a way of curing its defects which nothing but ignorant incapacity would resort to.

The ostensible reason urged for the demolition of this exquisite classical work is that its position is inconvenient, from its distance from the mass of the parishioners. May we urge in reply that it is not possible, though it nowadays seems almost expected, that every one should have his place of worship brought to his own doors, that the most remote parishioner cannot be so much as a ten minutes' walk from his church, and that, according to the old dictum, "a housegoing parson makes a churchgoing people." This, however, we are well assured, is not the real reason. It is not this which weighs most with the advocates for its destruction. The real reason, however much left in the background, is the large rental to be obtained from the site if the House of God were replaced by shops. If such a plea is to be held sufficient for the demolition of a church still, let us remember, needed by a parish with a considerable population—not, like the City churches, deserted—no building is safe, and London may continue to be gradually robbed of her noblest fabrics, in order that her sons may be better able to "buy and sell and get gain." The Bill for the pulling down of Hanover Chapel introduced into the House of Lords has, we believe, been referred to a Committee of that House, which will, we trust, make short work of it, and dismiss it to its own place.

#### RACING.

THE first duty of the student of racing is thoroughly to master the Spring handicaps, which practically form a summary of a great part of the public form of the previous year. It would be impossible to criticize these handicaps in an article of this length, and even our notice of them must be but brief. Beginning with five-furlong races, the post of honour is given to Mr. Abington's Juggler, a grand six-year-old chestnut horse, by Touchet; and at about 8 lbs. or 9 lbs. below him are Maxim, St. Symphorien, and King of Diamonds. One scarcely expects to find three-year-olds equal to the best older horses, at anything like weight for age, in handicaps so early in the season; for, although people run their old horses when they can, they generally keep their best three-year-olds for races of a higher class. Yet one might have hoped that some three-year-old would have been entered for the Spring handicaps to whom Juggler would not have been asked to give about 2 st. more than weight for age. Conifer, Lady Heron, and Keroual appear to have been considered the best of those entered.

At one mile the spring handicap form may be said to be headed by Morion, Surefoot, the winner of the Two Thousand, Sainfoin, the winner of the Derby, L'Abbesse de Jouarre, and The Rejected, with Blue Green and Father Confessor only about a couple of pounds below them. About 4 lbs. below these, again, we come to Queen's Birthday, Alloway, Snaplock, Wise Man, Shillelagh, and Le Nord, on about even terms. At this distance we get higher three-year-old form in the Spring handicaps, as Lord Rosebery's Corstorphine allowing weight for age and sex, is considered as

good as the Duke of Westminster's Blue Green, and within 2 lbs. of the winners of the Two Thousand and the Derby of last year. She is made to give 6 lbs. and sex to Mr. Low's Gone Coon, the winner of the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes at Derby, as well as to the smart Irish colt, Eyrefield.

At two miles, or thereabouts, Lord Dunraven's black filly, L'Abbesse de Jouarre, is the most heavily-weighted horse in the Spring handicaps. Mr. P'Anson makes her give 18 lbs. to Parlington, the winner of the Great Metropolitan and the Manchester November Handicaps, at Sandown; and at Chester, Major Egerton makes her give the same weight to Vasistas, and 1 lb. more to Parlington himself, as well as to Padua, the winner of the Great Northamptonshire Stakes. Parlington, however, was entitled to 6 lbs. at weight for age. According to the Sandown handicapping, Gonsalvo, the third in the St. Leger, is within 3 lbs. of Parlington, and 5 or 6 lbs. better at weight for age than Houndsditch, the winner of the Northumberland Plate. Among the three-year-olds at about two miles, High Havens, Tittle Tattle, Florence II., Simon de Montfort, and Seraphine II. are put almost on equal terms; but High Havens, who is generally estimated about a pound or two better than the rest of the party, is handicapped to receive 13 lbs. less from Parlington at Chester than at Epsom over the same distance, although the month later, at which the Chester meeting takes place, should only reduce the allowance by 3 lbs.

Although no handicap including the names of the best public performers among the three-year-olds has yet been published, betting-men have virtually handicapped several of them in the following order:—Gouverneur, Peter Flower, The Deemster, Orion, Cuttlestone, Orvieto, Ordance. As she is not entered for any race on which they have begun to speculate, Haute Saône cannot yet be said to have been put into their handicap. Were she in it she would probably be placed somewhere about the top of the list. In the Free Handicap for two-year-olds, published in the latter half of October last year, the above horses were handicapped thus:—Gouverneur, 9 st. 7 lbs.; The Deemster, 9 st. 5 lbs.; Peter Flower and Orion, 9 st. 1 lb.; Haute Saône, 9 st.; Ordance and Orvieto, 8 st. 11 lbs.; and Cuttlestone, 8 st. 9 lbs. Of this little party no less than three—Orion, Orvieto, and Ordance—are by Bend Or; three are by stallions that have gone abroad, Haute Saône being by Tristan, Gouverneur by Energy (dead), and Cuttlestone by Retreat; The Deemster is by the Irish horse, Arbitrator, one of the few sires representing direct Melbourne blood; and Peter Flower is by Petrarch. It is, of course, very far from impossible that the Derby may be won by a horse not mentioned here, and a son, perhaps, of some other sire. Curiously enough, the two most successful stallions of last year, St. Simon and Wisdom, whose stock won respectively 32,799*l.* and 20,407*l.*, and other famous sires such as Galliard, Galopin, Hampton, Springfield, Sterling, and Barcaldine, have no representatives among the leading Derby candidates at present. Among the owners of the chief Derby favourites there are some very familiar names in those of the Duke of Westminster, Lord Bradford, Lord Durham, Mr. Houldsworth, and Mr. J. B. Leigh, while in that of M. Blanc we are glad to welcome a French competitor. There are several three-year-olds which showed very good form last year that are not entered for what are called the classic races. Among these are Bumptious, Flodden Field, Chesterfield, and Beauharnais, and that smart colt Inverness has gone abroad.

Several well-known horses have gone into retirement since last season, among others the two celebrated five-furlong horses, Mephisto and Dog Rose. The two great heroes of last season, Sheen and Tyrant, have also gone to the stud at a fee of a hundred guineas each—just to begin, as auctioneers say; and Gold, the winner of last year's Ascot Cup and other races, is to serve at the same price. Laureate II. and the already-mentioned Dog Rose are content with twenty-five guineas; and so also is Whistle Jacket, whose name will recall many unpleasant memories to backers. Martley, another horse that proved anything but a mine of wealth to backers, has gone to the stud at a fee of twenty guineas. The stock of St. Simon won a larger amount in stakes than that of any sire last year, and one of his yearlings beat all others in the sale ring at the price of 5,500 guineas; but the average price of his yearlings—2,150 guineas—was run very close by that of a couple of yearlings got in England by Ormonde. It may be worth noticing that Charibert had the honour of being the sire of a greater number of winners last year than any other stallion. The vigorous efforts of the Jockey Club to ascertain whether there is any foundation for the reports of a Jockey ring, and the fact of the non-issue of licences at the usual time to several jockeys, ought to be noticed with general satisfaction. Lord March has made an admirable Steward of the Jockey Club; but, as his period of office has expired, he could hardly have a better successor than Lord Durham.

The racing season opened on Monday, the 16th, about a week earlier than usual. It generally begins on the Monday nearest to the 25th of March; but when that day happens to be in Holy Week the opening day is brought forward a week earlier. This was unfortunate in the present instance, for, in consequence of the prolonged frost, horses, as a rule, were unusually backward in their training. Mr. Abington had the honour of winning the first race of the year with his grand, strongly-built five-year-old chestnut horse, Quartus, who had only run four times and had not won a single race since he was a two-year-old, and he

won the second with his three-year-old, Despot. The Duke of Portland, who has been the largest winner on the turf for the last three years, won the Bathynany Plate of 460*l.* with his nice little bay filly, Charm. This was her first victory; last season, as a two-year-old, in her eight races she was placed six times. With St. Simon as a sire, and a dam by Wisdom, she has the two bloods which are at the present moment the most fashionable in her veins. The Duke was still more fortunate in winning the Brocklesby Stakes, a race worth 1,100*l.*, on the following day with another St. Simon filly, a two-year-old called Katherine II., out of the Belgian mare Muirinn, who was by that famous getter of good mares, Scottish Chief. Katherine II. is a remarkably handsome dappled-brown filly, with a great deal of quality, level moulding, deep girth, and clean limbs. She got badly off, had to make up a great deal of ground at the finish, and only beat Butterscotch by a head. Mr. Leigh's Butterscotch is a very fine, well-ribbed bay colt, with grand limbs and feet, by Kendal. Among the remaining dozen there were six or seven very promising two-year-olds, and it was the general opinion that the field was at least as good, and perhaps rather better, than the average for this early race. Considering the length and severity of the past winter, the two-year-olds were looking more forward in their condition than might have been expected.

A field of twenty-one horses came out for the Lincolnshire Handicap, including Wise Man and The Rejected, the winners of the two preceding years. Of this pair, The Rejected ran well under his heavy weight of 9 st. 7 lbs. Mr. G. Masterman's Tostig, who had been third for last year's Cambridgeshire, and is supposed to run best over dry ground, started a strong favourite at 3½ to 1, and he made all the running until reaching the junction between the new and the old courses, where he was passed by Lord George and the French filly, Seraphine II. From the distance Prince Soltykoff's Lord George came away in grand style, and won by three lengths from the pretty little chestnut filly, Seraphine II., who finished three-quarters of a length in front of Colonel North's fine and powerful, if somewhat coarse and coachy, bay horse, Nunthorpe. The winner, who ran third for this race last year, was then rather wanting in muscle; but he has now filled out into a very good-looking horse. He is a liver-coloured chestnut, with a good deal of white, and his breeding is very French, as he is by Poulet out of Lady Emily by Gladiateur, and he has a triple cross of Partisan blood. He was receiving a stone from Wise Man, and a stone and a half from The Rejected; but the 8 st. he carried was a creditable burden in respect to most of his opponents, and he won with a good deal in hand.

At Liverpool the next day the Molyneux Stakes for two-year-olds was won by Mr. Maple's chestnut colt Scarborough, by Saraband out of Hackness, and therefore full of the famous Sir Hercules and Touchstone blood, both his sire and dam having two strains of each. Through failing to get an opening until almost the last moment, he very nearly lost the race; but he came out like a flash of lightning when he got a clear course, and just won by a head. We may observe here that the next day Mr. Maple won the Sefton Park Plate with another Saraband two-year-old, a deep-bodied and strong-jointed colt called Clarence. These early successes of his stock may account for Saraband's subscription list for next year being already full, at a fee of 150 guineas. In winning the Union Jack Stakes, Baron Rothschild's High Havens, who, by the way, is said to have become a roarer, ran in a very lazy fashion, and had to be hard ridden to the end. It must be admitted, however, that he ran with great gameness at the finish. The Irish three-year-old, De Beers, a brown colt by Beti Battle, won the Prince of Wales's Stakes with wonderful ease by eight lengths, after making the whole of the running, from moderate handicap form like Iddesleigh and Tostig, with, it must be admitted, something the best of the weights. Juggler was also in the race, but he was giving the winner 26 lbs. more than weight for age. The victory of Mr. Abington's Lady Rosebery, for the Liverpool Spring Cup, giving many pounds of weight to everything else in the race, shows her to be an excellent mare. Her very last previous performance had been to win the still more valuable Liverpool Autumn Cup over the same course.

Of steeplechasing it has not been our custom to say much; so we will merely remark regarding the Grand National that the Irish horse Come Away only won by half a length, and walked away lame after the race; that two previous winners, Roquefort and Ilex, ran third and fourth; that Mr. Cunningham had a very bad fall, and that Emperor, after he had been pulled up, tumbled over some rails which he was asked to jump on his way home, and broke his neck.

#### EXHIBITIONS.

AN exhibition of sketches by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, entitled "From Antwerp to the Lower Danube," has been opened in Mr. Stacey's Royal Arcade Gallery, Old Bond Street. The name is misleading, since the scenes depicted are mainly in Greece and Turkey. These drawings are artistic, but they carry the fleeting character of impression almost to a joke; they appear to have been made from the deck of a boat, while the landscape was in the act of being reeled off, like a panorama. The painting is rough, and the artist is audacious and sometimes successful in the use of lumps of dark blue paint, which represent waves. When the sky is luminous these lump-waves are effective, but at other times they are extremely heavy. "Off Cape Tarifa" and

"Galita Island" are good examples of the former; "In the Archipelago," on the other hand, is of the heavy order. Mr. Brangwyn does not attempt composition, but gives a realistic impression of whatever he happens to note. "Egean Sea" is a lovely combination of hues, the waves a blue opal, the sky and a ship pale grey. There are some delightful tones of blue in "A Creek on the Danube."

The most finished work in Mr. Brangwyn's exhibition is "Entrance to the Bosphorus," with brilliantly lighted foreground and picturesque combination of Oriental craft in the harbour. The studies of Turkish life are Japanese in treatment, but dirty in touch, and without the Japanese clearness. These drawings, in general, are unquestionably artistic, but there is shown a certain not prepossessing audacity in the fact that a young artist should choose to be judged by such rough daubs, and by those alone. Like so much of the crude exhibited work of the day, it seems to show an unhealthy sense of self-satisfaction in very unripe execution.

In the Modern Gallery, 104 New Bond Street, Mme. de L'Aubinière (Miss Georgina Steeple) has collected about sixty of her water-colour drawings. These are accomplished and highly finished, but very conventional. The figures which are introduced into the landscapes are awkward and unhappily grouped. "A Garden of Sleep" (18) is the most important; this represents a churchyard, with masses of pink flowers among the tombs, and an old man looking on. The conspicuous wreaths of inky blossoms hung on the tombstones are perplexing; and, indeed, it is Mme. de L'Aubinière's fault that she constantly introduces objects which are effective enough at first sight, but which defy identification when we look closely into her drawing. Another large picture is that of "Warwick" (1), where the brushwood beside the river is very well treated; but here also her water-lily leaves are not correctly drawn. The other paintings are mostly woodland scenes, with girls posed in them on paths or among the branches. The Niagara drawings are exceedingly uninteresting. We must express our disapproval of the means taken to force admiration of these respectable little paintings from the visitor. A pamphlet containing thirty pages of flattery of Mme. de L'Aubinière, expressed in every varied accent of bad taste, will surely do little to recommend the lady's work. When will people understand that good wine needs no bush?

#### HORSE-BREEDING AND THE FARMERS' CLUB.

IF the paper on Horse-breeding read by Mr. Frederic Street to the Farmers' Club at their March meeting did not quite deserve all the encomiums passed on it by General Ravenhill and others, it must be admitted that the lecture itself, as well as the discussion which followed, contained both valuable advice and instruction, as well as many of the platitudes and illusions which we have learnt to regard as inevitable whenever horse is the subject of oratory. For instance, there was the usual nonsense about Queen's Plates, and Mr. Street recalls with pride how, in 1878, when delivering an address on cart-horses, he stated that "For many years past a large sum has been voted annually in Parliament for Queen's Plates; racers are brought forward to win them strong enough to carry a pair of breeches and boots." Now Mr. Street perfectly well knows, for he had said so in his previous sentence, that by far the larger part of the Queen's Plate money was given by the Queen, and that the sum annually voted by Parliament was extremely small; but he may possibly be surprised to hear that it would always have been good odds on a Queen's Plate winner carrying a fourteen or even fifteen stone man further and faster than any *bona fide* half-bred horse in the country. Naturally enough the lecturer "rejoices to think that the money hitherto given in Queen's Plates is now devoted to horse-breeding," yet might he remember in the midst of his rejoicing that Queen's Plates, restricted as they were to mares and stallions, were given distinctly with the object of encouraging breeding, and were moreover the only recognition ever vouchsafed by our Government of the splendid private enterprise which has made our breed of horses what it is; Mr. Street himself being fain to admit that "the thoroughbred may truly be called the prince of horseflesh." Nevertheless, if, as we are assured and would like to believe, "the giving of the Queen's premiums has done an immensity of good," then the Jockey Club may fairly congratulate themselves that they witnessed the withdrawal of the Plates without protest and with almost contemptuous indifference.

Perhaps not many people are aware that the Royal Commissioners who are responsible for the allocation of these premiums have opened a register at their office, wherein owners seeking purchasers for young stock sired by one of the prize stallions may enter names and addresses, thus almost certainly enlarging their market. This is a most valuable idea, and should be a real boon both to breeders and buyers. Concise and clear is the summary given by Mr. Street of the eight breeds, each of which has its charter and corporation in the shape of a society and stud-book. Some of the chief characteristics are set forth, as well as the prices which the best specimens may be expected to realize at various ages. Amongst ponies the Shetland tribe alone has arrived at the dignity of a recorded pedigree; but he did well to quote Mr. Egremont Lascelles's sweeping condemnation



of all stud-books, except that of the thoroughbred, the sole purpose which they serve being, says Mr. Lascelles, "to prove how thoroughly underbred the horses mentioned in them were."

The Shire horse, which has been a chief study of the lecturer's life and of whose merits he is a prominent champion, is of course his prime favourite, and he pleads for an extension of Government grants in its favour. It is, however, far from certain whether these giants are at all necessary to agriculture, serviceable though they may be in large towns; at any rate many good judges are of opinion that farmers would get on quite as comfortably and a great deal faster with a lighter and more active animal. It cannot be denied that "who drives slow horses must himself be slow." Perhaps the best bit of the whole lecture was the advice as to rearing foals and yearlings. Much the same doctrine has, no doubt, been preached often enough before; but it will always bear repetition, and has never been presented in more portable form for the brain. Farmers—and it was to them Mr. Street chiefly addressed himself—hate elaborate instructions, and their carters can neither understand nor remember them, so this rough sketch of how to treat a foal is just the sort of thing they appreciate.

Sir Nigel Kingscote, who moved the usual vote of thanks, has had considerable experience both as a breeder of Suffolk cart-horses and of half-bred stock. If he is satisfied that the progeny of the lighter Suffolk mares, mated with a small, compact thoroughbred stallion, make excellent hunters, his opinion is entitled to much respect; but Sir Nigel is an exceptionally fine horseman and good man across country, who may be sometimes inclined to think that he has been well carried when in truth more credit was due to him than to his horse; for, though some fair animals are raised in Gloucestershire, that county has not the reputation of being a nursery of really first-class hunters. It may be that Zeal by Adventurer, of whom Sir Nigel speaks so highly, will, as he expects to get horses of an altogether superior stamp. It is singular that throughout the discussion not one speaker made even passing allusion to a method of breeding hunters which may be described as the reverse of that usually adopted—to wit, putting an active cart stallion with some action to a thoroughbred mare; yet this system is said to have produced some horses of rare endurance combined with a very fair amount of speed, without which no hunter can be ranked in the highest class, for *staying* may merely mean, as it sometimes does on the Turf, not being able to go fast enough to tire themselves. Mr. George Street contributed a new and startling suggestion (derived from his experience amongst cattle), that abortion may in some mysterious manner react upon the stallion, and that after one of his mares has aborted, those subsequently sent to him will also be liable to cast their foals; and the same speaker mentioned an instance, not by any means so original, of the disastrous effects of new oats upon a pregnant mare.

General Ravenhill was not quite as satisfactory as his audience could have wished in replying to some remarks of Sir Nigel Kingscote's, about the prices given for army horses. Farmers are constantly told that they should breed for the military market, which they have long ago discovered to be inaccessible to them directly, and the very worst to which they can consign goods through the middleman; it is poor consolation, therefore, to hear from General Ravenhill that "they must bear in remembrance, if prices were too low, what large numbers of horses were annually imported," though he was forced to admit, in answer to Mr. Clare Sewell Read, who somehow always hits the nail on the head with surer stroke than anybody, that the horses we export are about four times the value per head of those imported.

Mr. Bowen Jones, chairman of the Farmers' Club for the present year, in alluding to the question which is so frequently asked, and which had been touched upon by more than one of the speakers—"Did horse-breeding pay?"—said that "it depended upon the individual who took it up more than anything else." This of course is a remark which is tolerably applicable to all trades; but surely a more definite answer might have been given, and there must have been a number of men present capable of stating the probable chance of profit in breeding the varieties of horse dealt with in Mr. Street's paper. Thoroughbred stock, so great is the present demand both at home and abroad, must almost certainly pay, especially if the breeder has capital and courage to send his mares to the most expensive stallions. Buyers seem reckless in their bidding for the produce of a leap which has cost 100 guineas and upwards—the dearer the better. Cart-horses, whether Shire, Suffolk, Clydesdale, or nondescript, will usually pay. The fabulous prices realized by some of the best pedigree animals will of course, be always unattainable for the ordinary farmer; but as long as he can sell foals at 25*l.* apiece in October—which is now a common value—he has nothing to grumble about. Ponies cost little to keep if they fetch little, and a purchaser can generally be found. Half-bred stock is, we believe, at present almost always a loss to the breeder. It is quite true, as General Ravenhill remarked, that, "if farmers sold their foals too early, and did not take the trouble to train them before sending them to market, they must not be disappointed if the dealers deprived them of a great deal of the profit"; but, as we may fairly conclude that the General himself has not fallen into these errors, and as he went on to say that his breeding "had not, peculiarly speaking been attended with profit," his strictures on farmers' methods are not likely to bear much fruit. Mr. Street availed himself of his right of reply on the whole case to make one of the most sensible remarks of the evening when he said that,

"Fears had been expressed that foreigners would deprive them of their best animals, but he had no apprehension of this kind, and was thankful that there was this strong foreign demand, which he trusted would continue, and however much it might increase, he felt certain there would be ample supply." If all the nonsense which has been talked and written about the drain on our horse supply has not done much harm, it is only because no one dares seriously attempt to prevent sellers from disposing of their goods to the best customers.

There was a general tone of agreement amongst the spokesmen of the Club that the Royal Commissioners and the various stud Societies were on the right tack, and had already given a considerable impetus to horsebreeding throughout the kingdom.

#### THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE sixty-eighth annual exhibition of the Society of British Artists is as copious as usual. There are five great galleries at Suffolk Street, and unfortunately they all have to be filled. It takes nearly six hundred separate pictures to do this, and yet people continue to lament that the average at the British Artists is low. The fact is that a considerable amount of talent, not of the brightest sort, is scattered about these crowded walls, and, if the four minor galleries could be shut up, and the show rigorously confined to a selection not too closely packed into the Large Room, the aspect of the exhibition would not be nearly so depressing as it is. We should like the British Artists to tell us what benefit they derive from their eleven "honorary members," not one of whom exhibits, or from the twenty regular members who are absentees this year. The fact is that the Society is altogether too lax and too dependent, conducted with too little spirit, and insufficiently adapted to the age it lives in. To look around its sleepy chambers, who would imagine that so few years ago it was purged by Mr. Whistler?

The North-west and North-east Rooms are dedicated to water-colour, and we find, in the former especially, some very pleasing examples of that art. Mr. Morgan's wholesome girl "Going to the Boats" (6), and leaving a red-tiled village behind her, is a strong drawing. Very clever is "The Rose" (16), by Mr. Henry Sykes, a sort of Watteau figure of a lady, in voluminous pale pink satin, who has flung herself in a wild attitude on a brocaded sofa and presses a tea-rose to her heart. "Forenoon" (39) is a capital moorland landscape, by Mr. R. B. Nisbet. To see Mr. Bernard Evans at his best this season we must go to the Institute, but his "Richmond, Yorkshire" (48) is finely composed and solidly painted. A vividly-coloured sketch is Mr. Dudley Hardy's "Rue de Caire, Paris" (129). In the North-east Room, in its usual place, among the pictures, hangs Mr. Tinworth's little terra-cotta panel (128); this year the subject is "Joseph and Mary searching for the Child Jesus." Mr. Nisbet's work attracts the eye again in a rich study of "Sunset" (163), on the screen. The most ambitious drawing in these two rooms of water-colours is Mr. F. Hamilton Jackson's "Death of Samson" (226), which is altogether too smooth and pretty, and achieves nothing better than an imitation of Mr. Poynter's earlier classic style.

In the Large Room, Mr. Pike has a "Jingle" (264), which is capital in character and a good design, but coloured with extreme inkiness and crudity. Mr. Sherwood Hunter has taken a charming subject in his "Carrying the Viaticum" (270) through the woods of Finisterre; his figures, especially that of the old priest, are good in themselves, but imperfectly applied to the landscape. Mr. John Reid is never entirely uninteresting, but his "Small Catch" (276), of skates and gurnards, doubly deserves its name. On his vague composition of "Snake Charmer" (288) Mr. Dudley Hardy expends some very bold and rich harmonies of colour. There is a sense of salt air and a strong wind about Mr. Arnold Priestman's "Holme Island" (303), with its expanse of sandy shore and light flying clouds. Mr. Brangwyn, whom we have often praised, is being led away by eccentricity. His group of figures, called "Four Ale" (328) is clever, but the hues of this picture are extraordinary; the grass looks like thin ice, the hill behind it like a brick wall, and the sky like blue china. Two fine landscapes—hung on each side of Mr. William Strutt's very stagey and terrific "A Terrible Scare" (361), lions pouncing on a galloping Arab—deserve more attention than anything else in the Large Room. One of these is Mr. F. W. Jackson's "Autumn Sunshine" (360), a boy fishing beside a broad stream in the glowing light of a July afternoon; the other, Mr. Julius Olsson's "Still Dale" (362), a very wet and pale moorland scene, depicted with great truth of tone. There is a warmer glow than usual over Mr. Wyke Baylis's architectural interior this year; he paints "The Basilica of St. Mary and St. Mark" (370), but the details of the mouldings are rather adroitly suggested than carried out with the exactitude required in this class of work.

In the South-east Room the most important canvas is Mr. Nelson Dawson's "House of the Seven Gables" (399), a large and obscure composition, in which a red brick house is seen in the distance behind wintry stems, and a waste foreground is dedicated to withered hemlocks and docks, with an old sundial for sole definite object. It hardly seems needful to paint this scene of sordid and blasted desolation on so large a scale. In the South-west

Room we find several interesting examples. Mr. Arnold Priestman paints a "Cloud Effect" (469) over the sea with remarkable truth and delicacy. A very pretty figure of a girl in a lilac satin skirt standing at the end of a pier, and seen against the sea, is called "At the Seaside" (477), and is signed by Mr. Yeend King, who is one of the pillars of the Society of British Artists. Miss Hilda Montalba has been very fortunate in obtaining the impression of high Scandinavian summer in her "Sunset on a Swedish Lake" (482), an individual and interesting landscape. Mr. Anderson Hague has contrived to imitate Fantin so exactly in his large posy of "Chrysanthemum" (536) that he might deceive the very elect. There is something vigorous, though coarse and farcical, about Mr. Pike's "Tales from Town" (528), a group of very dubious gentlemen of the road, met for the nonce in some eighteenth-century alehouse. The works we have named, and perhaps as many more, might have been selected out of the 547 pictures now at Suffolk Street to make a creditable little exhibition.

#### MONEY MATTERS.

THE Indian Budget, which was published in Calcutta on Friday, is in itself satisfactory. For the year ended with March 1890 there was a surplus—taking the rupee, for the sake of convenience, at the conventional value of ten to the pound sterling—of 2,612,033*l.*, being an increase over the revised estimates of last Budget of 802,300*l.* For the year which will close on Tuesday evening next, and consequently for which the figures are to some extent estimates, the revenue is expected to be 85,313,500*l.* and the expenditure 82,526,400*l.*, showing a surplus of 2,787,100*l.* Usually the revised estimates, as the figures for the closing year are called, are slightly different from the actual results, and generally the results are better than the revised estimates. It is not improbable, therefore, that by-and-by there will turn out to be even a larger surplus than this. But, on the other hand, we must not forget that the magnitude of the surplus is very largely due to the great rise in silver that began in April of last year and continued till September. For the year that will begin on Wednesday next the revenue is estimated at 86,025,300*l.*, and the expenditure at 85,909,700*l.*, giving an estimated surplus of 115,600*l.* It is added that the Famine grant is restored to its original amount of a million and a half, that opium is taken at a lower figure than in the current year, and that the rate of exchange is estimated at 1*s.* 5½*d.* per rupee. If the preparations that are being made, especially in the United States, for a renewed speculation in silver succeed, the price of the metal will be raised so much, for a while at all events, that the rate of exchange will probably average somewhat more; and if this happens then the estimated surplus will be larger. On the other hand, there is the danger that the military expenditure may be increased, either by small frontier wars or by the necessity for further preparation against a Russian advance; and we have always to bear in mind that in so vast a country as India droughts may occur, and may lessen the people's ability to pay the taxes.

During the coming year there is to be a loan raised in London of a little over 2½ millions sterling, to pay off certain debentures that are falling due; but there is to be no loan in India for public works purposes. Finally, it is stated that the India Council will draw bills and Telegraphic Transfers to the amount of 16,000,000*l.*—that is, somewhat over a million more than the amount which was estimated to be drawn in the year just closing—and by that amount it will lessen the Indian demand for silver.

Reviewing the financial prospects of the immediate future, Sir David Barbour, the Finance Minister, believes that they are encouraging, apart from the question of military expenditure and the fluctuations in the rate of exchange. There is a danger, he admits, of a further fall in opium. There has been already a considerable decline, and there are no indications of an early recovery. There may, too, be a decrease in railway traffics, apparently owing to the disturbance in trade caused by the fluctuations in silver. Respecting increased military expenditure, he expresses an inability to form an opinion; but he seems to have devoted a very large space to the exchange question—in other words, to the fluctuations in the price of silver. As we have already seen, the Government profited largely by the rise in silver last year. At the same time, Indian trade was almost reduced to a gamble for a time, and since September there has been a very sharp fall. Unless the United States Government adopts free coinage, Sir D. Barbour thinks that the true policy for India is to adopt a gold standard at the exchange of the day. From the brief telegraphic summary of his message it is impossible to make out clearly whether he recommends the demonetization of silver, or only bimetalism; but, whichever is his panacea, it appears to us to be wildly impracticable. To demonetize silver altogether would mean so great a loss to India as would practically ruin her finances. And to adopt a double standard would be not only illusory, and therefore unwise, but would be too costly for India if a serious attempt were made to provide India with any sensible amount of gold. Indian financiers cannot be brought to understand that the exchange question has its compensating advantages, and that as matters stand at present an attempt to settle it would do more injury than good to India.

Sir D. Barbour alleges that it is a complete mistake to say that a low exchange is beneficial to Indian trade. If he means thereby

that it checks the import trade while it stimulates the export trade, he is right enough; but if he means to deny that it stimulates exports, he is clearly wrong. Or it is possible that Sir D. Barbour's meaning is that the imports are of more importance than the exports, and that what increases the cost to India of European manufactures and of materials for opening up the country by the extension of railways is detrimental to its best interests. There is a good deal to be said in favour of that argument; but it must not be forgotten that the imports are bought by means of the exports; and if, on the one hand, a low exchange makes the imports more costly, it stimulates exports by giving what is equivalent to a bounty upon them. Therefore, on the one hand the ability of India to buy is increased, while the price of what she buys is raised, and therefore it seems to us that in the end the balance is pretty equally struck. No doubt, a low exchange itself adds to the burden of India's foreign debt; and it is also injurious to all who have, out of their salaries and profits, to make remittances to Europe. But if it adds to the burden of the debt, it increases the ability of the taxpayers to pay their taxes by improving the export trade, and this, as we have said, leaves matters pretty much as they were before. The one class that does suffer without a compensating advantage is the European residents in India who have to make remittances to their families in Europe. But, though their case is a hard one, it is not sufficiently important to justify any change in the currency of the country.

The Indian Budget statement has had little effect upon the market for silver. The announcement that the India Council's drawings would be increased in the new year by about a million sterling has a tendency to depress the price, for it will lessen the Indian demand for the metal, inasmuch as the means of remitting money to India will be increased by the additional drawings. At the same time the market is now less under the influence of the regular Indian demand than under that of American speculation. It looked a little while ago as if the great operators in the United States were recovering courage and had resolved upon another attempt to put up the price; but so far they have not succeeded, probably because the accumulation of silver is such that the weaker speculators are so discouraged that they are selling at whatever price they can get. The decision of the London Produce Clearing House to store silver and to guarantee contracts for future delivery was also expected to increase speculation in London. No doubt it will do so by-and-by, since it makes a freer market than formerly existed and facilitates operations by smaller speculators. For the moment, however, there is too much distrust for any speculation on a considerable scale in any market; consequently all efforts to keep up prices have failed, and on Tuesday the price fell to 44½*d.* per oz., and on Wednesday to 44½*d.* per oz.

The rate of discount in the open market has further declined this week, and after Easter it will certainly fall unless a strong foreign demand for gold springs up. The general distrust has entirely stopped speculation, has checked trade, and has caused an accumulation of unemployed money in London. Moreover, the payment of the interest on the National Debt will take place early in April. Therefore, unless gold is withdrawn from the Bank of England in considerable amounts, the value of money must continue to decline throughout April. Perhaps the preparations of the joint-stock banks to increase their cash reserves may check the decline. They have now decided to begin publishing monthly accounts at Midsummer, and in the interval they will no doubt add considerably to the cash reserves which they hold. That will tend to keep up the value of money, and if the tendency is increased by a foreign demand for gold, there may even be a rise in the rate of discount.

The decision of Messrs. Rothschild to carry through this week the conversion of the Ottoman Defence Loan is an indication that, in the opinion of the greatest of London houses, the acutest stage of apprehension has passed, so that the conversion of a really sound security can be undertaken. The announcement that the Russian Government has decided upon another instalment of the conversion of its debt points in the same direction. And it is understood that some other foreign loans and conversions, chiefly on the Continent, are to be taken in hand immediately. Yet, although the fear of serious failures has abated, and alarmist rumours have entirely ceased, there is still much distrust, and it will be a considerable time apparently before business will again become active. The Argentine Republic still continues to cause uneasiness. There are fears of political troubles, and every one now sees that the crisis must last for years. The whole of the provinces and municipalities are insolvent, the State banks will have to be reorganized, and a large proportion of the owners of houses and lands are hopelessly encumbered; and now it appears that the industrial concerns which were believed to be most prosperous have suffered from the general distress. A Company which carried on most of the Custom House business in Buenos Ayres, and which only last year was able to place in this market debentures to the amount of 300,000*l.*, has announced that it is not able to pay the half-yearly interest upon its debt. And a meeting of the Central Argentine Railway shareholders this week was anything but encouraging to investors in Argentine railways. The state of Uruguay is nearly as bad as that of Argentina; the civil war in Chili is likely to continue, wasting the resources of the country and adding to its debt; and speculation has gone quite wild in Brazil.



The Fortnightly Settlement on the Stock Exchange, which began on Monday morning and ended on Wednesday evening, was the lightest that has been arranged for years. It shows that practically all speculative business has ceased. Carrying-over rates were exceedingly light in all departments; while speculative sellers had to pay fines because of their inability to deliver several home railway stocks. All this would be favourable to a recovery in business if confidence were restored. There is practically no speculation, and there is scarcely any floating stock. If, therefore, there were wealthy operators bold enough to buy on a large scale, they might raise prices considerably. But there is too much distrust to allow an operation of the kind to succeed. It might carry up prices for a while, but the operators would soon tire of buying when they found themselves unsupported by the public. Upon the Continent there is also a pause in speculation. Some of the French deposit banks are much talked of; and, if the French Government carries through the Bill which it is said to intend to introduce after Easter, the banks will be obliged to sell large amounts of securities which they now hold. In Germany the slow liquidation of industrial securities continues, and there is some uneasiness there also respecting the condition of banks that have combined to bring out too many new issues in recent years. In the United States speculation is almost as stagnant as in Europe; the public holds aloof from all the markets; the greater operators have locked up too much of their capital; the railway Companies are unable to arrange their differences; and, generally, there is distrust and embarrassment.

The changes in quotations during the week have not been great, as very little business has been doing. The most striking is in Central Argentine Railway stock. This railway used to be thought one of the very best of the Argentine lines. It was a link in a chain of lines forming a great communication with Chili; and not much more than a year ago the stock was at a premium of over 100 per cent. Competing lines have been built, and have taken away a great part of its traffic, while the attempts made by the Board to remedy this state of things have not been beneficial. At the meeting of shareholders held this week, a report drawn up by two directors who had been sent out to inquire into the state of things was thought very discouraging, and there has been in consequence a heavy fall. On Thursday evening the closing quotations were 72 to 76, being a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 17. In other Argentine railway stocks there has been little movement. The Argentine Five per Cent. Loan of 1886 closed on Thursday at 75½, a fall for the week of ¼. The Six per Cent. Loan of the province of Buenos Ayres closed at 62 to 64, a fall, compared with the preceding Thursday, of 3. It will be recollected that towards the end of last week Messrs. Baring Brothers announced that the province of Buenos Ayres would be unable to pay the interest upon its debt. The fall, therefore, is not surprising; indeed, is less than might reasonably have been expected. The Chilean bonds of '86 closed at 88 on Thursday, a fall, compared with the preceding Thursday, of 1½. Considering how the civil war is prolonged, and how bitter the struggle appears to be, the market is well sustained. In the Brazilian bonds of 1888 and 1889 there has been a fall of 1 for the week, the former closing on Thursday at 80, and the latter at 74. In home railway stocks, London and North-Western closed on Thursday evening at 175½, a rise of ½ compared with the preceding Thursday; and Great Western closed at 160½, a rise of ½. Great Northern Preferred Ordinary closed at 111½, a fall of ½, and the Deferred closed at 80, a fall of ½. Manchester and Sheffield A closed at 35, a fall of ½, and Brighton "A" closed at 154½, a fall of ½. Considering the absence of business, the movements, it will be seen, have not been important. At the Fortnightly Settlement at the beginning of the week many home railway stocks were found to be scarce; in other words, speculators had over-sold largely. This, of course, tends to keep up prices, as the speculators will by-and-by have to buy back, and it is anticipated that in doing so they will force up prices. In the American market Atchison shares closed on Thursday evening at 27½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ½. Milwaukee shares closed at 57½, a rise of 1½; and Erie shares at 19½, a rise of ½. We need hardly remind our readers that these shares pay no dividend, and are not, therefore, fit for the investor. Illinois shares closed at 96½, a rise of ½ compared with the preceding Thursday; and Pennsylvania shares closed at 52½, a rise of ½.

#### THE WEATHER.

WE have had a calm week, though it included the equinox, but a chilly one, with occasional snow showers. We hear that in Hampshire, Devonshire, and Cornwall the snow drifts are still feet deep in sheltered places. The wind this week was northerly until Monday, and even then, when the vane turned to west, the thermometer failed to rise much. Some rain or snow has been measured at almost all stations, but in very small quantities. The reason of this persistency of northerly winds for the first four days has been that during all that time an anticyclone has been lying outside our western coasts, while the barometrical readings over the Baltic have ranged steadily low. As neither system had any tendency to move, the weather re-

mained unchanged. On Sunday night, 22nd, the barometer in the North of Scotland began to fall, and by Monday morning a definite depression had appeared in that region, and the regular cyclonic circulation of the air brought south-westerly and westerly winds to us. At first, as has already been said, no change of temperature was noticeable, but by Tuesday morning the thermometers at several of the English stations had risen from eight to ten degrees, and Wednesday has brought us a further improvement. Rain, too, fell generally on Tuesday, but only on the extreme west and north coasts was the amount considerable. The appearances on Wednesday afternoon indicate a considerable increase of westerly wind and possibly a gale, the barometer in the extreme north being below 29 inches. The recent unseasonable weather has not been confined to these islands, for on Monday last snow was reported at Nice, where only two days before people were basking in the sunshine. All over the Continent the temperature has been abnormally low, and rain has again been very scanty in quantity. Over France generally hardly any has been reported during the week, except a downpour, measuring 1·6 inch, at Nice on Wednesday the 18th. In Italy and on the western Spanish coast some rain has fallen, but the deficiency since Christmas continues to increase.

#### RECENT CONCERTS.

THE critic who would grudge the double recall which greeted the amiable treasurer of the Philharmonic Society at the close of the performance of his Symphony in C minor last Thursday week would be singularly unkind and hard-hearted. Without the least pretence to representing the later developments of the Symphonic form, as exemplified in the great orchestral works of Beethoven, and followed by Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Brahms, and almost every other composer of modern days who has attempted this branch of composition, Mr. Stephens is content to revert to the earlier school of Haydn and Mozart, and has produced such a work as might have been expected from an English composer of the calibre of Bishop. His Symphony—which was originally written for a competition at the Alexandra Palace seventeen years ago—chiefly deserves commendation for its clearness of thought and for the ease with which the composer uses contrapuntal devices. It is the work of a musician of a bygone school; but, though its artlessness and simplicity occasionally provoked a smile, it deserved to be listened to with respect, and many young composers might with advantage have imitated its frequent grace and invariable mastery of those studies which should form the grounding of every musician, to whatever school he belongs. The best part of the work is the Mozart-like Adagio, and the weakest is the final Allegro, which the composer calls "Il Carnovale," in which, as the Analytical Programme took care to point out, there is no wild abandonment such as the title might have led the audience to expect, but everything is carried on decorously on strictly scientific principles. The Symphony was excellently played under the composer's conductorship. It is a pleasure to be able to note the improvement in the other orchestral performances at the same concert. Berlioz's *Carnaval Romain* Overture—the brilliancy of which made Mr. Stephens's musical description of the same festivity seem a very tame affair—was played with fire and delicacy, and was altogether a noteworthy performance. Another good feature of the programme was its shortness, the duration of the concert being considerably less than usual, though quite long enough both for performers and audience. The solo pianist was Mr. Leonard Borwick, who played Schumann's Introduction and Allegro Appassionato in G, Mendelssohn's Prelude in B flat, and Chopin's Ballade in G minor and Prelude in B flat minor in his best manner. The last two pieces in particular were given with a degree of warmth and passion which showed a side of his talent with which he has not been hitherto credited. The vocal numbers were Mendelssohn's "Infelice" and Tamara's Aria from the First Act of Rubinstein's *Dämon*, both of which were well sung by Mme. Valda.

At the Crystal Palace Concert last Saturday Mr. Manns brought forward a somewhat important work for Soli, Chorus, and Orchestra, from the pen of the Norwegian composer, Edvard Grieg. Though only published last year, and numbered "Opus 50," there seems reason to believe that the setting of the opening scenes from Björnson's unfinished play *Olof Trygvason* is not a very recent composition, but dates back to the period when the dramatist was director of the Christiania Theatre, for which Grieg wrote the incidental music for Ibsen's *Peer Gynt* and Björnson's *Sigurd Jorsalfar*—the latter of which, by the way, though it contains some of his best music, has not yet been heard in this country. If this surmise be true, it may account for the comparative weakness of the work performed on Saturday, in which the general want of development and weakness of treatment were noticeable. The first two scenes, in which sacrifices are paid to the ancient gods of Scandinavia, are the best part of the work; the latter portion, which is chiefly devoted to ballet-music, accompanied by chorus, is very ordinary, and proved wearisome owing to the conductor's disregard of the composer's direction to omit the numerous repetitions in concert performances. Everything from Grieg's pen deserves to be heard; but the scenes from *Olof Trygvason* will not enhance his reputation, which so far as a

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writer of choral music will rest on the beautiful ballad "Land-kennung," which was heard at these concerts last year. The performance was, on the whole, good, though the choral singing was occasionally rather uncertain in the matter of intonation. The solos were sung by Mme. Emily Squire and Mr. Brereton with intelligence. The music, however, lies rather too low for the voice of the former, who was better suited in the aria, "Non più di fiori," from Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito*, which she sang earlier in the concert. The rest of the programme comprised Wagner's overture to *Rienzi*, Saint-Saëns's delightful symphonic poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale," a very commonplace dance from Verdi's "Ballet of the Four Seasons," and Wieniawski's second Violin Concerto, the solo part of which was played with extraordinary brilliancy and beauty of tone by the Belgian violinist, M. Ysaye, who was also heard in a Prelude and Fugue by J. S. Bach and Saint-Saëns's Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso.

An interesting Recital was given last Monday by Miss Dora Bright, who has recently returned from a successful concert tour in Germany. Miss Bright's playing of compositions by Bach, Scarlatti, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, Chopin, Moszkowski, Grieg, and W. Macfarren, showed that she has greatly improved of late. Her style has gained considerably in refinement, and her execution leaves scarcely anything to be desired. It is a pity that the effect of her performances was interfered with by the bad habit she has of exchanging recognitions with her friends in the audience whilst she is playing. This may seem a small matter to notice, but such a habit, though it may not interfere with an artist's playing, must produce the impression that undivided attention is not being bestowed upon the work being performed. In the case of a less promising artist it might be passed over, but Miss Bright is so clever a performer that it would be mistaken kindness not to mention whatever detracts from her success.

The programme of the Orchestral Concert given by the pupils of the Royal College of Music, under the conductorship of Professor Stanford, last Wednesday, consisted entirely of works by Beethoven and Wagner, the former being represented by the first three movements of the Ninth Symphony, three numbers from Act I. of *Fidelio*, and the Pianoforte Concerto in G, Op. 58, and the latter by the Overture to *Tannhäuser*. At first sight such a selection might have seemed over-ambitious for an orchestra mainly consisting of students at the College; but there was hardly anything immature to be detected in the playing of either the Symphony or the Overture. The execution of both works was remarkably good, and occasionally—as in the opening movement of the Symphony—attained a really extraordinary degree of excellence. The vocal numbers were less satisfactory, though Miss Purvis showed considerable intelligence in her singing of the part of Marcellina.

#### THE BALLAD OF CECIL RAIKES.

OH, have ye na heard o' Cecil Raikes,  
And have ye na heard o' his latest scoop;  
How he has ta'en my little foot-page,  
On a point o' law to hang him up?

He dared na meddle wi' one of his men;  
He knew them well for a rampin' breed;  
But he must meddle wi' my foot-page,  
That comes at call and runs at need.

I might ha' dinged the churches down,  
And garred Big Ben in flinders flee  
For two long years ere Cecil Raikes  
Had ever sent his page to me.

But Cecil Raikes (he saith) forbore,  
And the Lord he knoweth where Cecil hid,  
That he could not see my little foot-page  
Do all that Cecil never did.

Yea, Cecil Raikes (he saith) forbore,  
For three good years, or maybe less;  
And now he's out wi' an addled plan,  
Which is the wont of idleness.

I must not send my little foot-page  
Wi' ring or chain to my lady love;  
But I must go to Cecil Raikes,  
And lick his stamps as he approve.

But I must go to Cecil Raikes,  
O'er moss and moor, in rain or storm,  
And, if he has na gaed to bed,  
He'll gie me a blink o' a frowzy form.

My Love is in the Loudoun Road  
(Wot ye how soon cut flowers fail?)  
My braid letter must cross the flood  
(Wot ye how late the Queenstown Mail?)

The lily sent at noon will die  
Before the second call-bell rings;  
The Queenstown boat will take the tide,  
Though Cecil ties his nightcap-strings.

Oh, tape is red as any rose,  
But love is pale and wakes o' night;  
And I—I must not send my love,  
When Cecil Raikes puts out the light.

Now what care I if Cecil sleeps;  
And what care I if Cecil wakes?  
I'll make my hay by night or day,  
Though all the earth were toothed wi' Raikes.

It's ill to cross the Tweed in spate,  
It's waur to dam the lazy Till;  
But it's warst to come to Englishmen  
Wi' a hard-boiled plan and a soft-boiled will.

#### REVIEWS.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER.\*

MORE than twenty years have lapsed since the life of Charles Napier was written by his brother. It is one of the most fascinating books in the English language, but it is in four volumes—too long for this busy nineteenth century. It is, however, a book to be revered for the spirit of passionate hero-worship, and of a brother's strong love, which run like threads of gold through it. But there were also coarse threads of injustice which marred the beauty of the whole. A few years ago, however, was published a *Life of Napier*, in one volume, by William Napier Bruce, in which the blemishes of the former biography were removed, and the grand old hero was painted as those who reverence greatness would desire him to be painted. The life is mainly related in Napier's own words, and he wrote with the vigour that he fought. "A wayward life of adventure," he himself calls it; "a good romance it would make; full of accidents by flood and field, stories of love and war, and shipwrecks of all kinds." The *Memoir of Napier* by William Napier Bruce is a work worthy to rank with Southey's *Life of Nelson*, and we hardly thought any man would be rash enough again to attempt the task of writing the *Life of Charles Napier*; but Sir William Butler has proved that we were mistaken. A vast gulf divides the two memoirs. Sir William relates the life of the hero, not in his own manly words, but in flowery language, which the most vivacious American reporter would hesitate to employ. He again revives old controversies, over which most men would desire that the shadow of oblivion should fall. He crowds each page with crude remarks on politics and economics, and he displays an infinite capacity for platitudes.

Sir William Butler informs us that "Colonel the Hon. George Napier and his wife, Lady Sarah Lennox, were two remarkable personages." Remarkable is hardly the epithet one would apply to the parents of Charles Napier. All lovers of Joshua Reynolds are familiar with Sarah Lennox, the peerless beauty of her day. "Lady Sarah," writes Walpole, "was more beautiful than you can conceive. No Magdalen by Correggio was half so lovely and expressive." She was in the full glow of her youthful beauty when the monarch fell in love with her making hay in front of Holland House. "He sighed and he longed, but he rode away from her," wrote Thackeray. After an unhappy first marriage, she became the wife of the Hon. George Napier and the mother of the most illustrious family of heroes that ever graced the roll of the British army. Charles was her first-born, and in his affections she filled perhaps a larger space than his deeply affectionate nature gave to any other. At an early age Charles was sent to a school at Celbridge, a village near Dublin, where his parents then resided. He received a sound elementary education from the worthy village pedagogue, and Sir William Butler informs us "There were pigs in Celbridge in these days—tall, gaunt animals, with wide flapping ears that hung over their eyes, and long legs that could gallop over the ground; and it is said that, mounted on the backs of these lean and agile hogs, the Napier boys were wont to career homeward with scholars and pig-owners following in wild pursuit." As Celbridge is an Irish village, it is to be presumed that there are pigs in it in the present day, and that they have, after the manner of pigs, wide flapping ears and long legs. The riding of a pig is a harmless freak of a wild lad; but Sir William Butler is of opinion that it has some specific grace in producing a hero.

Napier's school days were of short duration, for at the age of twelve he left home, having been appointed an ensign in the 33rd Regiment. He had held his commission fourteen years when he was summoned to take his part in the struggle with Napoleon. Sir William Butler gives us, in the tall language of which he is a master, an account of the retreat from Astorga to Corunna. It is an old story, but it is one of those scenes of history on which one loves to dwell. The heroic, the awful, and the picturesque are all blended in that narrative. The three brothers took part in that retreat, and they were together when the great explosion took place which William has described in a sentence which will last as long as English letters:—"Stillness, slightly interrupted by the lashing of the waves on the shore, succeeded, and the business of the war went on." There are certain phrases in

\* *Sir Charles Napier*. By Colonel Sir William F. Butler. London: Macmillan & Co.



Sir William Butler's accounts of battles which remind us of William Napier's immortal work; but the resemblance is the resemblance between the work of a great master and a copy done by one who uses the same colours, but produces a daub. At the moment when Charles Napier's regiment was driving back the French with fire and steel, the General was struck on the left breast by a cannon shot. The gulf between good writing and picturesque writing dearly loved by the American reporter is strikingly illustrated in the following accounts of an incident familiar to all students of history. William Napier wrote:—

The shock threw him from his horse with violence, yet he rose again in a sitting position, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eyes still fixed upon the regiment engaged on his front, no sign betraying a sensation of pain. In a few moments when he saw the troops were gaining ground his countenance brightened, and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt.

Sir William Butler writes:—

The hurtle and crash of the ball made the cream-coloured charger plunge into the air, and the rider fell backward to the ground; but so firm had been his seat that those who were looking on did not believe the shot had struck, so gently did he fall. This impression was further strengthened when they saw the tall figure half rise from the ground, while his looks sought the enemy's ranks with the same calm and intent expression which his face had before worn. But though no sound or sign of suffering seemed to come between the General's mental consciousness and the battle before him, all the worst hurt that shot can do to poor humanity had been done.

It must have been a very firm seat that prevented the effects of a round shot being noticed. We prefer "no sign betraying a sensation of pain" to "no sound or sign of suffering seemed to come between the General's mental consciousness and the battle before him," and "dreadful nature of his hurt" to "the worst hurt that shot can do to poor humanity." In middle-class schools in olden days the art of paraphrasing used to be greatly practised. It consisted of converting simple verse into flowery prose. Sir William Butler would certainly have always won the first prize for efficiency in this art at any commercial academy. At Corunna Charles Napier himself, shockingly mutilated, fell a prisoner into the hands of the triumphant French. Through the generosity of Ney, Napier was released on parole, but two years afterwards he was again engaged in fighting in the Peninsula. At Busaco he received a severe wound in the jaw. "They carry him away," writes Sir William Butler, "but as he passes Wellington, he has strength to wave his hat to his chief." He also muttered, "I could not die at a better moment." Napier made his way to Lisbon, where he rested some months, enduring great suffering from his wound. However, when the Light Division began to pursue Massena, and combat followed combat, he could no longer remain inactive, and, with his wound still bandaged, he rode above ninety miles on one horse and in one course to reach the army. When advancing, he met a litter of branches borne by soldiers, and covered with a blanket. "What wounded officer is that?" "Captain Napier of the 52nd; a broken limb." Another litter followed. "Who is that?" "Captain Napier, mortally wounded." It was thought so then. Charles Napier looked at them, and passed on to the fight in front.

Just as the army of the Peninsula was entering on a course of victory Charles Napier had to quit it. He was appointed to the command of the 102nd Regiment, and the state of discipline in that corps required that he should join it without loss of time. Early in 1812 he took the command, and after spending a few months at Guernsey, proceeded with the regiment to Bermuda. He had not been long there when he was employed on active service in the war with America. Fond as he was of battle, his spirit revolted from the work he had to perform. He wrote, though Sir William Butler omits the striking passage, "It is quite shocking to have men who speak our own language brought in wounded; one feels as if they were peasants, and that we are killing our own people." He was glad when he was able to exchange back to his old regiment, and he sailed for England in September 1813. When he reached home he found the war with France was over, and he was reduced to half-pay. He and his brother William joined the College at Farnham for professional study. Their motive for this step cannot be better stated, though Sir William Butler makes the attempt, than in Charles Napier's own words:—"By reading you will be distinguished, without it abilities are of little use." At Farnham Napier spent some industrious years, and gained a first class and certificate. Two years after leaving the college he was appointed inspecting field officer in the Ionian Islands, and afterwards made military resident of Cephalonia. Here he first proved himself to be as great an administrator as he was a soldier. In 1830 Charles Napier, owing to his wife's health, had to leave the island where he had done such splendid work. Ten years of inactive life followed, during which he struggled bravely against the melancholy caused by want of work and want of means. Then he was appointed to the command of the Northern District, where starvation had produced constant riots. Sir William Butler considers the discontent due "to the absence of the three great anchors of a pure and true representative Government—the ballot, manhood suffrage, and short Parliaments"—and the wicked plutocrat, whom he hates worse than the Tory squire. But he forgets that steam engines and power-looms had worked a revolution in trade, and brought the misery which attends on every economic revolution.

Napier had held the command of the Northern District a couple of years when unexpectedly he was offered an Indian command. On the 28th December, 1841, he assumed command at Poona. After he had resided for a year in the Deccan, he was ordered to

take the command in Sind. It is not within the scope of a review to discuss at length the merits of the policy that culminated in the conquest and annexation of Sind, and justice cannot be done to the actors if discussed briefly. Sir William Butler's description of the battle of Meeanee is flowery and marked. The fight was stubborn. The Beloochees neither gave nor took quarter; but, notwithstanding their vast numbers and their bravery, they were utterly routed. The best account of the battle is to be found in Napier's eloquent farewell speech to the 22nd Regiment, which is not given by Sir William Butler. His own description of the fight is marred by some silly, irrelevant remarks. He writes:—"Many things had changed since then, but the foot soldier was still the same. Now, as in Peninsular days, he came mostly from those lowly peasant homes which greed and foolish laws had not yet levelled with the ground. Now as in Peninsular days he was chiefly Irish." Sir William Butler opens the chapter on Meeanee with the following description of a desert which is unique:—"The desert—the world before it was born or after its death, the earth without water, no cloud above, no tree below—space, silence, solitude, all realized in one word—there is nothing like it in creation." Certainly there is nothing like this sentence in creation. It can only be described in Sir William Butler's own graphic words—"empty and meaningless balderdash."

Sind subdued and subjected to British rule, Charles Napier had another opportunity of showing his ability as an administrator. Sir Bartle Frere—no mean judge—used to freely endorse Sir William Napier's fine summary of his brother's rule. "He left a united regenerated people, rejoicing in a rising civilization, the work of his beneficent genius." After four years of great responsibility and labour, Napier bid farewell to Sind and returned to England. But his rest was of short duration. The want of confidence in Lord Gough led to his being appointed Commander-in-Chief of India. On reaching Calcutta, he however found that the Sikh war had been concluded. He could not again lead an Indian army to victory, but he determined to make it as efficient as possible. Many were the military reforms he introduced, and many more was he planning when his career was brought to a premature close owing to a fierce controversy with the Governor-General on a trifling matter of military reform. This controversy, as his whole life, supplies a useful warning how enemies may be made and unnecessary difficulties in a career created by allowing tongue and pen to obey all the impulses of a fiery temper. In December 1850 he formally took leave of his command, wearied in body and wounded in spirit; and in the following spring he was back in England. The next few years he devoted to writing on military topics. He was a pall-bearer for his great commander, and soon after struggles and controversies were all over, and rest came to Charles Napier. He was undoubtedly, with all his temper and affectations, a great man. He had those qualities which make a hero. He was loving, honest, gentle, and brave. In life he suffered from the venomous attacks of enemies created by his temper; in death he suffers from the indiscriminate praise of a foolish biographer.

#### NOVELS.\*

MR. S. BARING-GOULD, always a skilful storyteller, is never happier than when he carries us into his own West-country, the land of tors and cleaves, of big brave men and beautiful women, all of which, and more also, do we meet in *Urith: a Tale of Dartmoor*. The heroine of a novel whose scene is laid in wild and uncultivated natural surroundings is ever apt, on principles identical with those which are supposed to govern fat oxen and their drivers, herself to be wild and uncultivated. Urith Malvine accordingly, who gives her name to Mr. Baring-Gould's book, describes herself as "an ungroomed, undisciplined moor colt." She is, moreover, subject to fits of passion, in which she savages her knuckles with her teeth till they are "torn as by some wild beast," and displays at times other not very engaging qualities. Yet she does not lack lovers; indeed one of the few drawbacks to the enjoyment of this book is the extraordinary and perplexing variety of the interests of love and courtship existing between its characters. Urith has three lovers: Anthony Cleverdon, Anthony Crymes—nicknamed "Fox," for reasons which will soon manifest themselves to the reader—and Luke Cleverdon, the curate of the parish. But Julian Crymes (who is an heiress in her own right, and withal bold and unscrupulous) is in love with Anthony Cleverdon, and Bessie Cleverdon, Anthony's sister, loves her cousin Luke, the curate; but, being good and self-sacrificing, she never tells her love until the tale is well-nigh at an end. "Fox" Crymes, indeed, no one loves,

\* *Urith: a Tale of Dartmoor*. By S. Baring-Gould, M.A. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.

*A Marriage at Sea*. By W. Clark Russell. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.

*For King and Country*. By Jane A. Nutt. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1891.

*Bellerose; or, the Story of Rolf*. By W. M. L. Jay. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1891.

*Samantha among the Brethren*. By "Josiah Allen's Wife." London, New York, and Melbourne: Ward, Lock, & Co. 1891.

*Secrets of a Private Enquiry Office*. By Mrs. George Corbett. London: Routledge & Co. 1891.

save himself; the author has made that impossible—how love a man with such a nickname, a man with the red hair which is in fiction the inevitable appanage of sneaking villainy, a man who demeans himself throughout these volumes like Uriah Heep in a periwig? Anthony Cleverdon himself, the favoured suitor, notwithstanding that in Urith's eyes he is "the noblest youth in all the region round, a very Saul, taller by the head and shoulders than any other, incomparably handsome, more manly, open, generous, brave," must not, therefore, be supposed altogether to resemble that other hero of West-country fiction, Amyas Leigh, whom this description somewhat favours. Anthony is, indeed, but an unheroic hero, who at times comes dangerously near forfeiting all the reader's sympathies. The strength of the book, however, lies in the well-contrasted characters of the two women, Urith Malvine and Julian Crymes, both of strong passions, but dissimilar in the circumstances alike of their bringing up and of their after fortunes. For the rest, the minor characters are vividly sketched, especially Mistress Malvine, Urith's mother, of whom we would gladly see more. There is certainly a sinister charm about this old lady, who, when exhorted by the curate to remember on her deathbed her shortcomings, replies, "I have never spared myself, heaven knows! I have worked hard—I have worked harder than any slave. There are five large jars of last year's whortleberry jam still unopened in the store-room. I can die happy, whenever I have to die, and not a sheet unhemmed, and we have twenty-four." The action of *Urith* is laid in the reign of James II., but little prominence is given in its pages to historical affairs, save that the rising of the Duke of Monmouth and his defeat at Sedgemoor furnish the dénouement with its *deus ex machina*. The author has, however, been successful in preserving generally the tone and spirit of the times in which he places his characters, without undue insistence on archaeological accuracy; and he may specially be congratulated on the eerie details of the supernatural which his knowledge of Western folk-lore has enabled him to borrow or invent; among which the legends of My Lady in the Sable Coach and of the congregation of human arms in the churchyard on St. Mark's Eve are gems in their way.

Mr. Clark Russell spins his yarns of the sea in a bright and breezy style that accords well with his nautical subject-matter, though in *A Marriage at Sea* he is somewhat short of material for two volumes, even of such modest size and well-spaced print as those before us. A young English lady, in a school at Boulogne where her matrimonial intentions and her religious convictions are alike subject to undue pressure, elopes with her lover in his 26-ton yacht. The storm, inevitable in works of this kind, overtakes them as they are on their way down Channel to invoke the aid of a friendly parson at Penzance, and they owe their safety to a merchantman outward bound for New Zealand, whose Captain, actuated quite as much by a desire to air his own authority as by any regard for their feelings, insists on marrying the runaways out of hand. Thereupon they conveniently sight a homeward-bound yacht, which conveys them to Penzance, and the lady's guardian giving a grudging consent, the divine afore-said accords to the knot of the skipper's tying the sanction of the Church, and all ends happily. If we can grant the necessity of telling this simple tale, there is no fault to be found with Mr. Clark Russell's manner of telling it, barring an undue reverence for titles and their possessors on the part of his hero, who should really know better than to persist in introducing his ladylove on every fresh vessel to which their fortunes bring them as "the niece of Lady Amelia Roscoe," especially as the author represents that aunt, who is, by the way, also the obdurate guardian, as an antipathetic, and, apart from such charm as lies in her possession of a courtesy title, an undesirable personage. Peter Simple certainly was over-fond of trotting out the fact that his grandfather was Lord Privilege; but that was only in the days of his simplicity, and his grandfather had, so far as we remember, given him no reason to regard him with other than friendly feelings. We fear, however, that the conduct of this Mr. Herbert Barclay, who perpetually affixes his sweetheart with the name and title of her objectionable relative, and who, when accorded a homeward passage on the yacht of the "Earl of —," deferentially remarks that "it is a great privilege to be received by such a vessel as this," can only be pronounced to be of the snob snobbish.

The compounder of the literary mixture known as the historical novel can only hope to achieve complete success by judiciously blending with due regard to proportion history and novel, fact and fiction. Miss Nutt has unfortunately endeavoured to attain that end by presenting alternately solid instalments of matter wherein she treats, now of the private affairs of her imaginary hero and heroine, now of that Royalist rising in La Vendée against the ruling revolutionary powers in France which has already formed the groundwork of more than one successful "historical" tale. Her earlier chapters are devoted to an exposition of the love affairs of her hero and heroine in Jersey, and to explaining as best she can how it comes that they, being English born and bred, come to take part in a campaign which concerned none but Frenchmen. The author of *For King and Country* might, however, have spared herself the trouble of an explanation; for, as soon as in her pages we reach the Vendéan war, her narrative records little more than its historical events. The fictitious characters in whose fortunes she has up to that point striven to interest us, and whom to that end she has, of course, introduced into the best available

historical company, embracing in this case the Lescures, the la Rochejacqueleins, and other leaders of the Royalist cause, are with scant courtesy thrust out of the way to make room for accounts of victories and defeats, of marches and counter-marches, of the saintly deeds of Cathelineau and the Noyades of Carrier. Writers of historical fiction are prone only too often to accord to their heroes and heroines undue prominence as factors in the military and political crises wherein their lot is cast, to allow them to take kings by the button-hole and decide the fate of empires. Miss Nutt's modesty, however, leads her into the opposite extreme, and prompts her to ignore her fictitious cavalier of fortune and his lady-love for page after page, while she tells in painstaking but rambling fashion, and it need scarcely be added with the animus of an ardent partisan, the history of the most determined opposition which France offered to its First Republic. As a contribution to the annals of that country, Miss Nutt's book may or may not possess merits; but, regarded as a work of imagination—and we can only suppose that she wishes it also to be so regarded—she has yet to learn that, for the purposes of military fiction, there may be more value in the details of a skirmish or an affair of outposts wherein the hero bears the brunt than in a bald epitome of every event in a campaign whereat his presence (and, to do him justice, it appears impossible that a shot should be fired without him) is chronicled with the unimpassioned brevity of the Court newsmen.

In novel-reading, as in the more practical affairs of life, it is as well to know at once where you are; but in *Bellerue* it is not until the third chapter is well advanced that a casual reference to the Catskills enlightens us as to the locale of the tale. The reader who, opening this story and finding its earlier chapters devoted to the description of the arrival of a clergyman and his wife in a new parish, with ample reference to such engrossing topics as an inharmonious vestry, pew-rents, and the intended building of a new rectory-house, expects its pages to contain a parochial sermon, thinly veiled in the guise of fiction, will reckon without his host; for *Bellerue*, notwithstanding its quiet beginning, develops into as exciting and, what is more, as well told a tale of mysterious murder, and of mistaken, or rather of disputed, identity, as we remember to have encountered for some time. Stories of this sort, if they be favourable specimens of their class, as this one is, are ingenious puzzles, taxing the ingenuity and stimulating the curiosity of their readers, whose pleasure it would be manifestly unfair to discount by revealing, or even by hinting at, the nature of the author's enigma. Suffice it to say that the incidents, while exciting in themselves, not merely carry forward to a fit conclusion the ingenious plot, but subserve in the case of more than one of the *dramatis personæ* a development of character more elaborate and subtle than we are accustomed to expect in tales of the kind.

*Samantha among the Brethren* is a book of American humour, of a species with which American humourists have long since familiarized us. It is full, far fuller than according to the old-fashioned notions of the older hemisphere it need be, of religion; though it must be confessed that transatlantic religion not unfrequently possesses an eccentricity of aspect which invites, though it may not excuse, the free-and-easy handling it undoubtedly receives at the hands of compounders of "funny books." The moral which "Josiah Allen's wife" enforces in these pages is unexceptionable, and we perhaps only write ourselves down as hopelessly behind the age in entering a protest against making comic capital out of such material as the crazy enthusiasm of a congregation of Second Adventists, as set forth with some detail in the pages of *Samantha*.

Mrs. George Corbett, in her *Secrets of a Private Enquiry Office*, betrays ignorance of, or disregard for, the lines on which successful "detective stories" are built; for she omits, and on more than one occasion calls attention to her omission of, those details by the intricate elaboration of which the "detective story" stands or falls. "It is not my purpose in these revelations," says Mrs. Corbett in one of her stories, "to describe our *modus operandi*, so much as to give the public some idea of the nature of the cases brought before us." And again, in another story, "It will not interest the reader," she says, "to learn by what methods we succeeded in procuring a private inspection of his correspondence as well as of himself." These passages appear to us to indicate an absolute lack of appreciation on Mrs. Corbett's part of the requirements of her readers. The literary taste which delights in the fictitious memories of the detective police officer and the private inquiry agent may not be a very high one; but if an author caters for it at all, he (or she) may as well cater for it according to its desires, which are set mainly on an elaborate and circumstantial exposition of that *modus operandi* so cavalierly dealt with by Mrs. Corbett.

#### FIFTY YEARS IN CEYLON.\*

THAT an autobiography edited by the daughter of the writer should be encumbered with some superfluous details was inevitable. To an affectionate and near relative, at a distance of time, no incidents appear trivial or petty. They are thought to

\* *Fifty Years in Ceylon*. An Autobiography. By the late Major Thomas Skinner, C.M.G., Commissioner of Public Works, Ceylon. Edited by his Daughter, Annie Skinner. With a Preface by Sir Monier Monier-Williams, K.C.I.E. London and Calcutta: Allen & Co.



illustrate self-reliance, independence, and other valuable qualities. Like the Irish orator's speech, the life seems "all pith." It is very hard for any of the family to play the part of Aristarchus, and the result is that conversations about nothing in particular, little episodes in barrack-life, and official letters about employment and promotion, swell this volume beyond the margin of what has been termed legitimate literary tumefaction. We say this more by way of regret than of censure. For Major Skinner did a good deal of hard duty worth record. The son of a soldier, he entered the Ceylon Rifles at the age of fifteen; spent nearly half a century in that colony; lived in the jungles; shot all kinds of game from the snipe to the elephant; figured as principal in one duel, and very nearly received his "quietus" while acting as second in another affair of the same kind; was commended and trusted by Sir Edward Barnes, who was twice a successful Governor of Ceylon and also Commander-in-Chief in India; owed not a step to favour or jobbery; and retired on a pension of 1,000*l.* a year in 1867. Now, as Major Skinner was never in action as far as we can see, and happened to be at home on furlough during the rebellion of 1846-7, in the administration of the late Lord Torrington; and as, moreover, Ceylon presents few of those splendid opportunities for active work and distinction which India offers both to the soldier and the civilian, it may be asked how his career justifies the publication of the autobiography which is ushered into the world with a modest preface by the Boden Professor of Sanscrit? The answer to this is simple. Major Skinner was in the truest sense a pioneer of civilization. His style and language are quite in keeping with his character. We are interested in his adventures because they are told without puffery and exaggeration; and he gives us a glimpse of what Ceylon was in its infancy, twenty years after we had been considerate enough to relieve the Dutch of such an encumbrance, and only three years subsequent to the deposition of the native King of Kandy in 1815.

There is a well-known Greek legend that the Athenians, as descendants from Hephestus, were famous as road-makers; and their achievements in this respect are commemorated in an iambic verse made up of three words, which is the admiration of all scholars and candidates for the Porson Prize. Major Skinner was emphatically the *κελεβοποιός* of Ceylon. He was for a time employed in the Survey, but his chief title to the respect of Englishmen and natives is that he opened up the jungle; connected Colombo the sea-port with Kandy the old capital; and did for the whole island what the immortal General Wade did for the Highlands of Scotland. When he first began work there was hardly a cart-track in the plains. Travellers threaded the jungle-paths in hot and uncomfortable palanquins. Guns, when wanted in any expedition, had to be dragged by main force over sands and rocks. Supplies and ammunition were put on the shoulders of the men. It took a traveller weeks to get on foot from Colombo on the coast to Kandy in the hills. The sanatorium of Newera Ellia was inaccessible. The interior of the island was as unknown as darkest Africa. Nobody dreamt of plantations of coffee, tea, or quinine. By the exertions of Major Skinner a complete revolution was effected after 1820, but mainly between 1840 and 1860. Rivers were bridged. More than 2,550 miles of good road were opened for carriages, and a mail-coach, properly horsed and driven by native coachmen, ran along the sea-shore between Galle and Colombo, and mounted 2,000 feet from the latter place to Kandy. It is a singular fact and one which admits of neither denial nor palliation, that some of our early administrators in the East have been very slow to recognize the vital importance of roads. In one large Province of India forty years ago, there were not a dozen miles of road over which a carriage and horses could be driven during the rainy season of five months. Judicial courts were built, schools were erected, to which between June and October suitors and scholars might be conveyed by boats or where they waded through mud and slush. Ceylon was even in a worse condition. The rainy season was prolonged, the rainfall excessive, and the vegetation dense. In order to open up whole Provinces, to render it possible for troops to get to Trincomalee from the west coast without going nearly all round the island by sea, Major Skinner had to train labourers, to ascend ridges of hills and clear the jungle before he could take an observation, to live on biscuits, tea, and lean fowls—the latter not always procurable—to brave the chances of fever and dysentery, to suffer from drought at one season and to be half-drowned at another. The constitution of the author must have been exceptionally sound and strong to have enabled him to stand these vicissitudes of climate. When a very young officer he was nearly bled to death by an ignorant doctor, on the principles of Sangrado, and dosed with calomel sufficient to impair the constitution of an elephant. He himself tried the former remedy on a huge sergeant of infantry and, strange to add, saved him, apparently, from dying of jungle fever. He practised walking and running without shoes, till he could make a march of sixty miles, barefooted, over jagged rocks. He amazed his patron Sir Edward Barnes, by leaving his station at 2 P.M., riding twenty-three miles to Negombo, making a ground plan for some barracks to be erected in the old fort at that place, and then returning in time to dine with his Excellency the same evening. Not very long after this feat he won a bet of 50*l.* by riding fifty miles on a dashing little Arab horse, in the dark, between eleven at night and six o'clock the next morning. At this time he weighed very little more than eight stone. He was an enthusiastic sportsman, but with the exception of one re-

markable encounter with an elephant, which he was fortunate enough as a lad to despatch with a single bullet from an old flint and steel musket, we have not to complain of a plethora of oft-told anecdotes. Tigers, it is well known, are not found in Ceylon; nor, we think, the black partridge, though deer, jungle-fowl, and water-fowl are still abundant. One experience of elephant life is new. The author determined to watch a large herd of these animals as they resorted by night to bathe and drink in a small tank, which was almost the only water available for miles. It was bright moonlight, and Major Skinner, having extinguished his camp fires and sent away his followers, took up his post in the branches of a huge tree. In all probability the leader of the herd scented danger, for two hours elapsed, though close at hand, before it ventured into the tank, followed by males, females, and calves. When this mass of animal life, *studio gestire lavandi*, was disporting itself and almost drinking the tank dry, the snapping of a twig put them to flight "like a herd of frightened deer." Major Skinner was a believer in the possibility of neutralizing the poison of the tiepolonga snake, which is thought to be more deadly than the cobra of India. He vouches for the fact that he cured two men bitten—the one in the arm and the other in the foot—by gashing the wound with a penknife and blowing it up with gunpowder. A sceptic might suggest that possibly the snake may not have been the tiepolonga at all, but one of the harmless sort common in Eastern jungles.

A little variety was given to a somewhat monotonous life by a trip to the Straits Settlements and a visit to the island of Java. Singapore seemed a capital instance of the benefits of Free-trade. In 1822 there was not a decent house on the island in which an Englishman could live. There were only a few native huts. By the year 1830, the date of Skinner's visit, Singapore had become an emporium for the whole of the Malay Archipelago, and nearly four hundred vessels were riding at anchor in the harbour. The English officials and merchants on the island still kept up the old and inconvenient practice of dining at three o'clock, or the very hottest time of the day, and doing no work afterwards. We notice here a curious error. Major Skinner's visit to the Straits and to Java is more than once stated to have taken place in 1830. At Batavia he has a conversation with the Dutch Governor about the French Revolution (of *Juliet*), the news of which had just been received by his Excellency with regret, as boding no good to Continental States in general and to Holland in particular. About the same time he hears of the death of the King of England, whom he calls William IV. Obviously this is a mistake for George IV. But on the principles now applied to the dissection of the Homeric poems, this chapter must be a modern adaptation by a different hand. In the language of advanced critics this would be so transparent as not to admit of a shade of doubt.

In Java Major Skinner was hospitably treated; driven all over the island in a carriage, with four small ponies or splendid greys; had saddle-horses to ride, and aides-de-camp to attend on him; dined at five P.M.; and witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of a Chief Justice having to do duty, and mount guard as one of the Skutiri, like any ordinary citizen. The Skutiri were a sort of militia of horse and foot, raised during an insurrection of native chiefs which it took the Dutch five years to suppress. In the main object of his mission Major Skinner was not successful. Sir Edward Barnes had deputed him to obtain permission from the Dutch authorities for some time-expired soldiers, presumably of the Ceylon Rifles or other local corps, to return to Java. This, after the usual amount of smooth phrases and absurd excuses, was refused by the Dutch Governor, who, appropriately enough, bore the name of *Vanden Bosch*. The aims and scope of Netherlandic Colonial policy were soon detected by Major Skinner, as it has been by subsequent travellers. Java is governed entirely in the interest of the Dutch, and not in that of the natives. The latter are compelled to labour for no remuneration, each man for sixty days, on public works. Coffee and other staple products are sold at rates fixed by the Government, and, practically, are monopolies of the State.

The remarks on the rebellion or rising, of 1846-7 are not without their value. Major Skinner had just gone home when it occurred, but it caused him no surprise. He had himself been employed in putting down a previous small rising in 1835, and had then arrested a native chief who, it seems, was guilty of nothing but hard drinking. The whole affair, indeed, is dismissed by the author with contempt. The later rising of 1847 was more serious, and the news caused some consternation in England, when coupled with the announcement that the authorities had found it necessary to "hang a priest in his robes." The moral British public immediately went into fits, and even the sensible and practical Sir R. Peel, in the House of Commons, was not proof against the infection. It was afterwards explained that the culprit was merely led to execution in the ordinary yellow garment worn every day by all Buddhist priests, and this was thought more decent than the alternative of hanging him *in puris naturalibus*. The origin of the rebellion is ascribed by Major Skinner to want of proper knowledge of the feelings and habits of the native population; to a sudden decline in the legitimate influence of the native chiefs and headmen; to the introduction of a system of governing the very opposite to that which had proved so successful in India, where the population is controlled, disciplined, and guided by Magistrate-Collectors; and to the migration of low Singhalese from the coast into the interior. At the same time, it never occurred to the author that these

evils would be remedied and that future discontent would be prevented by the establishment of any representative Government. We have no doubt that in a larger field Major Skinner would have risen to eminence, and, as it is, these memorials of a practical, quiet, and very useful life in a Crown colony ought to find readers at home and imitators abroad.

#### PHILOSOPHICAL BOOKS.\*

IT is not altogether a good augury for the future of American philosophers that they depend so much upon the new psychology of Lotze. If it were possible to treat mental phenomena in the same way as we treat the phenomena of the physical universe, such elaborate and enormous works as Professor James' *Principles of Psychology* would be all that was necessary. The unfortunate thing is that we cannot do so. Mind cannot go to the study of mind from what another American professor calls the "naturalistic point of view." It is perfectly true that physiology can throw a great deal of light upon psychological matters; but to make its explanation ultimate is absurd. Yet that is what Professor James does. He will not see that, after explaining the phenomena of mind by something external, there is still this something external to be explained. The more carefully his volumes are studied the more apparent does it become that beneath a great deal of psycho-physiological analysis we have nothing more nor less than David Hume. "Passing moments," which have no mind to connect them, or even to tell that they are passing, "self-related" moments cognisant of no higher unity than that of their individual selves—are these to be the last words of the new psychology? It is difficult to state in so many words the exact position which the author takes up. The easiest way is to say that he begins at the wrong end. He endeavours to explain the higher by the lower. A "neural process" is to give the key to every psychological fact or phenomenon. Professor James has, at least, the courage of his opinions. No bolder statement of Hume's sceptical ideas in dogmatic form could be had than the following (vol. i. pp. 174, 175):—"The only identity to be found among our successive ideas is their similarity of cognitive or representative function as dealing with the same objects. Identity of being, there is none." The author does not seem to see that this statement contains its own refutation. In the first place he introduces the category of similarity, which no single "moment" could give. In the second place he has left out of sight that this very category implies a ground—in fact, that very "identity of being" with which he will have nothing to do. As if this were not enough, the author goes on in a half-satirical fashion (vol. i. p. 181):—"If there be such entities as Souls in the universe, they may possibly be affected by the manifold occurrences that go on in the nervous centres. To the state of the entire brain at a given moment they may respond by inward modifications of their own." Like many others of his kind, Professor James refuses to deal with metaphysical questions. Psychology as an experimental science is enough for him. He refuses to acknowledge what every critical reader sees at once, that underneath his psychology there is a metaphysics of peculiar and not unassailable kind. It is all very well to say that successively recurring thoughts "are the subjective data of which he [the psychologist] treats, and their relations to their objects, to the brain, and to the rest of the world, constitute the subject-matter of psychological science." Is there no more than this, or are we to include under "the rest of the world" the relations between thoughts and the indispensable reference of all thoughts to a thinker? The latter Professor James would unquestionably dispute. Yet, upon his own premises, keeping, as he would have us, upon the facts of experience, it is difficult to see how he can omit that which is the central and connecting fact of all. His heresy in this respect is repeated in a remarkable form (vol. i. p. 369):—"Our 'thought'—a cognitive phenomenal event in time—is, if it exists at all, itself the only Thinker which the facts require." This passage occurs in a criticism upon Green and Caird, which is otherwise notable as showing how completely it is possible to misunderstand an opponent's position. The quotation answers itself; or, we might say, Kant answered it long ago. Given merely "moments," phenomena without connexion, and we have nothing. Thought, without a subject, without the division between subject and object, and without a reconciliation thereof, is nothing but barrenness. Out of no moment, or string of moments without the string (see Bradley *passim*), can come any intelligible result. On pp. 10-12 of vol. ii. we find the author still struggling with this difficulty and still continuing to misunderstand Green. "Our inveterate love of relating and comparing things does not alter the intrinsic qualities or nature of the things compared, or undo their absolute givenness." Here we have, first of all, a flat contradiction of what was said formerly

of the "only Thinker which the facts require," for now there is a distinct recognition of subjects which have a "love of relating and comparing things." Unfortunate for Professor James as this contradiction is, however, it is not so unhappy as the rest of the language in the sentence quoted. What does he mean by the "intrinsic qualities or nature of the things compared"? Evidently it is something which they have when they are out of relation to consciousness and to each other; but, as Mr. Green puts it, "Abstract the many relations from the one thing, and there is nothing." Or, to put it in another way, that which is out of relation to thought has no existence. If its intrinsic nature is something apart from intelligence, it is unintelligible—i.e. it is nought. It is not difficult to see by what means Professor James has been led into so many mistakes. He starts from the subject as particular, *this one* subject observed in the psychologist's experience, and makes an absolute distinction between that and the object. For most psychological purposes such a proceeding is not only justifiable, but necessary. To separate the one abstractly from the other is exactly the first process for the understanding in an empirical inquiry into the phenomena of mind. But to make the separation ultimate, to give it a metaphysical significance, is manifestly impossible. No dualism ever says the last word. This is the meaning which underlies the quotation made from Professor Caird's *Hegel*—a quotation in which our author professes himself unable to see more than "paroxysmal unintelligibility." It is more than probable that some one holding a brief from the Neo-Hegelians may administer reproof equally sharp to Professor James. When the latter is discussing Space and Time he is still open to the criticism that he cannot or will not understand the views of those to whom he opposes himself. There can be no more unfortunate sign in a philosophical work than its author's inability to appreciate the exact standpoint of an antagonist.

The essence of the Kantian contention is that there are not spaces, but Space—one infinite continuous Unit—and that our knowledge of this cannot be a piecemeal, sensational affair, produced by summation and abstraction. To which the obvious reply is that, if any known thing bears on its front the appearance of piecemeal construction and abstraction, it is this very notion of the infinite unitary space of the world. It is a notion, if ever there was one, and no intuition. Most of us apprehend it in the barest symbolic abridgment; and if, perchance, we ever do try to make it more adequate, we just add one image of sensible extension to another until we are tired. (Vol. ii. p. 275.)

In this passage we have a statement of Kant's position which is not adequate, followed by a reply to Kant from the very standpoint which that philosopher conclusively showed to be untenable. The words "infinite continuous unit" are not properly applicable to the Kantian conception of Space. To him that phrase would have had no definite meaning in this connexion. Space to his mind was the "form" of the external sense. As to the impossibility of the piecemeal construction and abstraction of which Professor James writes, Kant contended that we could not get the notion of space in this or in any way from experience, because before we had experience we must have the notion. No abstraction of the common element from particular spaces could give us the conception. The Professor admits that "we just add"—on his theory—"one sensible image of extension to another until we are tired." But the objections to that are that in this way we would not get such a conception of space as we have, and that what conception we did get would destroy for ever the value of our experience. It is not those who make most use of this last word who make experience most secure or provide it with a sufficiently stable basis. Upon these points, however, enough has been said. When we come to all that might be adduced in praise of the Professor's work as a contribution to empirical psychology, it is difficult to express our sense of the pains he has taken in the collection and arrangement of his facts and illustrations. It might be possible to hint an objection to the prominent place which physiological matters take in his treatment of psychology; but, even if we had not been accustomed to that in Bain for a long time, there appears to be a renewed tendency of late years to give these things prominence. Of a good deal of the first volume, and almost the whole of the second, it may be said that the author has made them interesting, not only on account of the great variety of his information, but by the brightness of his style and his clever disposition of the facts. The work is very large, and, although wrong at some times, and inconclusive at others, it is not without an interest and value of its own.

In the *Introduction to Philosophy* of another American professor we find a strange contrast to the book already mentioned. Professor G. T. Ladd, of Yale University, has as great a respect as any one for the empirical sciences, but he recognizes what harm has been wrought by the confusion of philosophy with these. His own words are those of a Neo-Kantian, and are likely to commend themselves to the disciples of T. H. Green. "Philosophy," he says, "we define to be the progressive rational system of the principles presupposed and ascertained by the particular sciences in their relation to ultimate Reality." There is a distinct advance made here from the position occupied by Professor James. The latter does not want principles, does not believe in the need of any assumptions or presuppositions, not even of the *ego* itself. Practically he is to construct the world out of phenomena with no more help than each moment can give him. Professor Ladd begins at the other end. He sees that scientific psychology, as it may be called, gives no satisfactory answer to questions regarding the "self."

\* *The Principles of Psychology*. By William James, Professor of Psychology in Harvard University. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

*Introduction to Philosophy: an Inquiry after a Rational System of Scientific Principles in their Relation to Ultimate Reality*. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.

*An Introduction to Social Philosophy*. By John S. Mackenzie, M.A. Glas., B.A. Cantab.; Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Assistant Lecturer on Philosophy in Owens College, Manchester. Glasgow: Maclehose & Sons. 1891.



On this head his remarks (pp. 40, 41) might well be taken as corrective of some of the Harvard professor's errors:—

Man is a metaphysical being. He postulates and believes in reality, although he may not find himself able to comprehend reality, or even to explain the genesis and significance of his own postulate and belief. And, if there be reality anywhere, how could it fail to be embraced in man's own self-conscious rational life? How, otherwise, should he even postulate and believe in reality?

At a later period Professor Ladd is careful to show that philosophy, however much it may differentiate itself from the particular sciences, dare never disregard them:—"Its walk may be with the Infinite and the Absolute, but the solid ground of admitted experience must be beneath its feet." In its search for a unity of being and life, philosophy is dependent upon the results arrived at by the particular sciences which gather and sift the material of experience. It takes for granted, however, that there is a real object for its search, that there is a unity of being beneath the objects of the various sciences. Its problem is to convert this assumption into a rational conviction. That problem is one with which the particular sciences have nothing to do. They proceed upon certain postulates, and produce certain results. So soon as they commence to examine into the value of these postulates they have left their position as positive sciences, and have entered the domain of critical philosophy:—

Whenever the student of science enters upon the discussion of the nature and validity, in reality, of the hypotheses he feels compelled to make. He departs from the sphere of science strictly so called. He becomes a metaphysician, a philosopher in one of the most abstruse and difficult departments of philosophy. He is not by any means necessarily saved by his scientific training and resources from being a bad metaphysician, although within the sphere of scientific hypotheses. He is not rendered able to extricate himself, or his science, from need of the helping right-hand of philosophy.

In his able and interesting chapter upon the relations of psychology and philosophy Professor Ladd notices two points. In the first place, he shows the absurdities involved in a "psychology without a soul." In the second he points out how philosophy in its ultimate synthesis transcends the dualism which psychology leaves between "souls" and "things." His language here, as at other parts of the volume, is very much that of Absolute Idealism. Although he is sometimes inclined to be severe upon Hegel and his *a priori* dialectical method, it is perfectly evident that without Hegel this volume could never have been written. A writer who tells of the necessary "passing through the stages of unsatisfactory dogmatism, sceptical doubt, renewed criticism, and higher attainment of truth," is not the less a disciple because he will not admit it. It must be noticed, however, that Professor Ladd's division of the departments of philosophy is distinctly his own. While it is open to criticism, it serves the purpose of his "Introduction" extremely well. His first department includes Epistemology and Metaphysics; the second, Ethics and Aesthetics; while the last is devoted to "The Supreme Ideal-Real (The Philosophy of Religion)." Professor Ladd seems to us to make a mistake in his treatment of the first department. He says (p. 226) "we desire to maintain the identity of knowledge and of being as known." He imagines that by using the word "knowledge" he is making a change from the position of Hegel. Surely, however, he has studied the latter to little purpose if he thinks there is any reality in such a change. It was Hegel's object, after Kant, to show that the categories—the forms of thought, of knowledge, of consciousness—were the forms of being; so that the professor's alteration is only a matter of phraseology after all. With regard to the other "departments" which have been mentioned, it is only necessary to say that his discussion of their various subjects is always clear and thoughtful. At the "Philosophy of Religion," he comes back very much to the Hegelian standpoint, rejecting all mathematical and strictly deductive "proofs" of the existence of God, but affirming without hesitation that the "existence of the Absolute (or the 'World-Ground') is the most certain of all philosophical truths." It is needless to point out how far this statement takes us in the religious reference, or to dwell upon Professor Ladd's ingenious insistence upon the self-conscious personality of the Absolute. These things involve a multitude of questions which are continually making their appearance and are never finally answered. It is enough to say that the author lays great—perhaps too great—stress on the fact that systems which deny the ethical self-conscious personality of the Absolute have invariably failed. He closes his really admirable book with a short but sufficient chapter on "Tendencies and Schools in Philosophy."

We have a specific application of Professor Ladd's search for the "World-Ground" in Mr. John S. Mackenzie's *Introduction to Social Philosophy*, the ablest, best-written, and most attractive of all the "Shaw" Lectures that have been published. The central ideas of his work are those of organism and development. He is no more content than Professor Ladd to begin with individuals, making an aggregate of them, or asking them to explain themselves. "In a sense the structure of society must rather be regarded as logically prior to the existence of an individual human being." His definition of philosophy is almost identical with that of the American writer, although he abstains from reference to the particular sciences. With Mr. Mackenzie it is "the effort to attain clear insight into the meaning of our conceptions guided by the ideal of knowledge as a completed system." There are a good many variations upon the same air throughout the volume. "The faith which is involved in philo-

sophy is simply the faith which is involved in all life and thought—the faith that things have a meaning, that the world is a rational system." In the application of the idea of organic unity to society, Mr. Mackenzie is careful to notice and meet all possible difficulties. He believes, indeed, that the last word of individualism was said in Hume and in the French Revolution. The prevailing view regarding Society is that it is an organic whole, and a whole that develops, and this view is common to philosophers who are not generally agreed upon other subjects. Mr. Mackenzie's distinction between organism and mechanical or chemical unity is very clearly put:—

A mechanical system is a collection of facts externally related; it changes by the alteration of its parts; and it has reference to an end which is outside of itself. A chemical system is a compound of parts which are absorbed in the whole; it does not change except by dissolution; and it has no end to which it refers. In an organism, on the other hand, the relations of the parts are intrinsic; changes take place by an internal adaptation, and its end forms an essential element in its own nature. We are thus led, by contrasting an organism with a mechanical and with a chemical unity, to see some of the most essential points in the conception of organism itself. We see, in short, that an organism is a real whole in a sense in which no other kind of unity is so. It is *in seipso totus, teres, atque rotundus*. All the parts belong to it; they cannot be altered, so to speak, without its own consent; and the end which it seeks is also its own. It is a little universe in itself. At the same time it is a universe and not a unit: it has parts, and it does grow, and it has an end. We may define it, therefore, as a whole whose parts are intrinsically related to it, which develops from within and has reference to an end which is involved in its own nature.

The aim of the whole chapter upon the Social Organism is to show that in order to realize his own true nature man must have the fit surroundings. "If man is to become rational he must make for himself a rational environment." Mr. Mackenzie follows out this thought in the succeeding chapters with great insight and skill. His criticism upon the Utilitarian position is probably as complete and successful as any that has been written. Some of the points are, of course, familiar; but even these are put so deftly as to command our admiration. The ultimate dualism of the theory he opposes is clearly shown. No theory can be accepted which makes a distinction between the good for the individual and the good for society. His own position is:—"No attainment of the ideal of our rational nature is conceivable, except by our being able to see the world as a system of intelligent beings who are mutually worlds for each other. . . . It is only in the lives of other human beings that we find a world in which we can be at home." The author's remarks upon Individualism are short, but to the point; while his lengthy discussion of Socialism in all its aspects is as valuable as it is long. The ideal which he would set before society is once more "organic." It must to some extent include individualism, socialism, and aristocratic rule. At first sight we are inclined to say, with the Scottish Regent, that this is "a devout imagination," and to pass by on the other side. But the more carefully we examine the ideal set before us of constant and patient progress of the individual within and for society, the more likely we are to see that it may always be realizing in our lives, though never realized. Probably the sixth chapter of Mr. Mackenzie's work is the weakest. But that was inevitable; for the attempt even to hint a solution for some of our most difficult social problems in a few pages could scarcely be successful. It is impossible, however, not to call in question his introduction of State control as a remedy for the evils of the industrial community. No doubt his State would act very much after the manner of Plato's philosopher; but a Parliamentary majority is as far removed from that imaginary being as it is possible to conceive. Although the tendency of the last twenty years in Great Britain has been in the direction indicated, we shall probably have a reaction to the extreme of individualism ere long. Mr. Mackenzie himself does not write too favourably of the majority vote. What he desires is Democracy "tempered with culture." "It is becoming more possible to have combinations of men, not for the purpose of advocating any particular kind of action, but for the purpose of deliberating as to what kind of action is best." These may be mere "imaginings" of a young and ardent writer; but at any rate they are the outcome of a healthy and "devout" optimism.

JOHN WESLEY.\*

AFTER the mass of semi-idoltrous speech-making in praise of Wesley, and the huger mass of wholly idoltrous speech-making in praise of Wesleyanism, which made the recent "Wesley Centenary" so distressful to sober folk, it is refreshing to turn to Canon Overton's staid and rational little book. Its author may truly be said to possess, beyond any of his contemporaries, both the outward and inward call to take Wesley's biography upon himself. As he tells us in his preface, he is "a native of the same county, a member of the same University, on the foundation of the same College in that University, a priest of the same Church, a dweller in the same house, and a worker in the same parish." To all these outward advantages—which might have fallen to the lot of another—he can add a title of greater value and more peculiarly his own—namely, that he has notably been "a student for nearly twenty years of the Church

\* *English Leaders of Religion—John Wesley.* By J. H. Overton, M.A. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.

life of the century in which John Wesley was so prominent a figure." His earlier writings have given proof that there is no other man in England, with the exception perhaps of his fellow-labourer Mr. Abbey, who has equally furnished himself for the task. Much as we owe to the sectarian biographers of Wesley, especially to the laborious and candid Mr. Tyerman, we do them no injustice when we say that they are compelled by the bias of their position to care first for Wesleyanism, and secondly for Wesley. Their subordination of Wesley to Wesleyanism, as the less to the greater, appears in Mr. Tyerman's preposterous question in his first chapter, "Is it not a truth that Methodism is the greatest fact in the history of the Church of Christ?" And it appears again in Dr. Rigg's arithmetical boast at the end of his *Churchmanship of John Wesley*, that "Methodism has already a vaster host of adherents than Anglican Episcopacy." The Church of England has never pretended nor desired to be an internationalist sect. Her protest against the internationalist jurisdiction of the bishop who said "The world is my diocese" is the great turning point in her long history, and the maintenance of her nationality against religious Caesarism and religious sectarianism is her strength and glory. The position of Canon Overton, as the parson of a parish, necessarily liberates him from that idolatry of size and noise, bigness and clamour, which seems to be the besetting temptation of the Methodist family of sects, on both sides of the Atlantic, as the idolatry of smallness and selectness was the temptation of the Puritan sects.

Canon Overton does not come behind any Methodist in his love and reverence for John Wesley. But the extraordinary greatness of Wesley, and the debt which all English Christianity owes to him, are not things which need in our day to be preached to an unbelieving world. The tendency amongst Agnostic men and women of letters, as well as among religious orators, is rather to exaggerate than underrate Wesley's glory and Wesley's miracles. Though Wesley himself did what he could to protect his memory against what he called "vile panegyric," there is no saint whose canonisation so much needs to be qualified by the wholesome and rational interference of the *advocatus diaboli*. His faith and wonderful works are now too surely settled for any such official to succeed in erasing his noble name from the calendar. Yet the necessities of the sects which have taken his name upon them, and claim to be exclusively his heirs, have driven them in their sectarian glorification of Wesley and Wesleyanism (as Keble said of Carlyle's glorification of Cromwell and Puritanism) to "black-wash" a very great company of contemporary saints, and at most the whole episcopate and priesthood of the Church to which Wesley belonged.

The Wesleyan sects are not so much the children of Wesley as they are the children of the separatist section of his lay-preachers, whom Charles Wesley described in 1756 as "my brother's violent counsellors." The "sweet singer of Methodism," whom the heirs of this party amongst the lay-preachers now claim as their own, told Samuel Walker of Truro that he was "the object both of their fear and hate. The restless pains of bad men to thrust me out of Methodism," he added, "seem a plain argument for my continuing with them." He stayed, in his own words, "not so much to do good, as to prevent evil." What Charles Wesley regarded as "evil"—the separation of the Methodists from the Church of England—the Wesleyans are now obliged by their position to uphold as the greatest possible "good." To maintain this position they adopt as their most sacred legends and traditions the whole body of libels and calumnies which were heaped by those whom Charles Wesley called "bad men" upon the clergy and laity of the time. It is a frequent habit of the idolater to justify his violation of the First and Second Commandments by a reckless violation of the Ninth. The heirs of the lay-preachers who were eager for schism attempt to exalt Wesley and his preachers by adopting and exaggerating all the malicious and Pharisaical utterances of the preachers about the insufficiency of the parish clergy and the immorality of their flocks. Dr. Fairbairn, in his centenary eulogy of Wesley, flattered the heirs of the lay-preachers by going further than their fathers, and further even than themselves. "How the clergy of the day were esteemed, and what many of them were," said he, "Henry Fielding bears witness. In *Tom Jones* we see," &c. To which it is sufficient to reply, "How the Dissenting ministers of the nineteenth century were esteemed, and what many of them were, Charles Dickens bears witness. In the *Pickwick Papers* we see Stiggins," &c. All men of charity will be glad to know that Canon Overton's exhaustive studies of the period have led him to the same conclusion which has forced itself upon all men of research free from "Evangelical" or "Methodist" prejudice, and not afraid to subject the idolized *Sage of Exeter Hall* to rational criticism. "The eighteenth century clergy were not, as a body, irreligious men," says Canon Overton. "Their religion, as far as it went, was real; and there was a robust manliness about them which, though it sometimes degenerated into coarseness, might yet teach some useful lessons to the present age." He makes this statement, as he adds, "most deliberately, after long study, not of secondhand, but of original, sources." But we doubt whether he does full justice to the attitude of such Bishops as Warburton, Lavington, or Smallbroke towards the Methodists. Was it not the fit action of a father in God to stand up for the publicans against the Pharisees, and to defend the dear common Christian folk in the parishes, as Bishop Warburton did when he asked the Methodists, "What higher provocation is

there to resentment than a separation which implies a charge of moral or spiritual unworthiness in the body left?" The hard, dry common-sense of the *seculum rationalisticum*, of which the Bishop had so large a share, showed him that the wrangling lay-preachers, always hot upon some controversy, were not so very much better than the vulgar christened folk as they supposed themselves to be. He thought them defective, as he said, in "that peaceable wisdom which comes from above." An Evangelical clergyman who had no sympathy with such prelates as Warburton and Smallbroke—Edwin Sidney, the biographer of Rowland Hill—observed that as soon as Wesley gave his sanction to lay-preaching ambitious men "crowded to him in swarms. He had no power to make a judicious selection, for it was evident that those whom he rejected would not be silenced." Wesley drew a distinction between his "permission" and "appointment" of lay-preachers. But the worst of these men, as in the Puritan turmoil of the foregoing century, fancied themselves to be the most "gifted." These men did not, or would not, "distinguish betwixt grace and humour," said Thomas Green, the observant Vicar of Wymeswold, in 1755. "Finding that they have a flow of words at command, they weakly conclude that they have this faculty as an immediate gift from God." It was a curious irony that the two first of Wesley's lay-preachers, in whose interest he opposed the clergy who sympathized with his reforming zeal, Maxfield and Cenwick, ultimately separated from Wesley himself, as well as from the Church. He tried his best to give them an ecclesiastical character—first, by his application to the fugitive Greek Bishop Erasmus, and ultimately by his desperate conjecture, that if Lord King's identification of bishops and presbyters were true, he must himself be a bishop. On this hypothesis, in his old age, he committed the childish absurdity of consecrating Dr. Coke to an episcopate. But as Dr. Coke was a priest, and as such had a complete religious equality with Wesley, he must have been already as real a bishop (on Lord King's theory) as Wesley was, and so was in no more need of an episcopal consecration than Wesley was. Unless Wesley deluded himself that he was an apostle, and Coke flattered him in the delusion, Coke had the same title to consecrate Wesley as Wesley had to consecrate him.

It is impossible to understand any religious movement which carries its divergence from the Church to the extreme point of separation unless account is taken of the early appearance of the two contrary directions within it. John Wesley is now claimed, with equally profuse exhibition of documentary proofs, by English Churchmen and by the various Wesleyan sects. It would be easy to show that both these directions, contrary as they are, existed in Wesley himself, and that at one time it was his loyal Churchly tendency, and at another time his individualist sectarian tendency, which coloured his doctrine and shaped his action. He was too logical a thinker to be blind to the difficulty of reconciling the adverse forces united for the time under his autocratic command. But he was always a general first, and a thinker afterwards, or at least he restricted his thinking to the opportunist necessities of his generalship. He satisfied himself with the wide generalization that souls were perishing, and that his first obligation was to use his imperial power, his preachers, and his societies for their rescue. His strong individuality held down the divergent tendencies within Methodism by sheer force in a state of truce; and so long as he lived he was able by his autocratic will, and by the admiring devotion of his adherents to himself, to hold them back from going the whole length of the road into which he had led them. It was not by kindling in them a natural affection to the Church as the mother of us all, but by their affection and obedience to himself as their particular father, that he trusted to retain the Methodists within the English Church after his own death. "I live and die a member of the Church of England, and none who regard my judgment or advice will ever separate from it." Nevertheless, every speech and every sermon delivered at the recent "Wesley Centenary" was instinct with the most bitter and uncharitable hatred to the Church of England.

Wesley, like other grand old men, had to pay the usual penalties of autocratic leadership. He could only secure obedience to himself by some degree of concession to the lusts and prejudices of his agents. He was goaded and persecuted by the bigotry and vanity of "the Nonconformist conscience" in those "sycophants, by one or other of whom, in his latter days," as John Hampson regretfully complained, "Mr. Wesley was perpetually besieged." He anticipated in his experience the melancholy confession of Ledru Rollin:—"I must follow them, because I am their leader." Canon Overton states the relation of the leader to the led with considerate tenderness, by saying that "though John Wesley ruled his societies with absolute sway, he was himself singularly liable to be swayed by those in whom he had confidence." But it is unjust to shift off the whole guilt of separation from Wesley's shoulders and cast it upon the vanity, quarrelsomeness, and rebellion of some of his lay-preachers. When the admiring crowd of his followers proclaimed him as their prophet, and wanted to take him by force and make him a king, or provoke him to constitute a sectarian kingdom of John Wesley over against the existing and actual Church already established in the nation and the parishes, Wesley seems to have failed in the prophetic foresight and the strength to follow the supreme example of leaders. He would not "depart again into the mountain himself alone." He temporised; he "gave way to expediency," as Walker of Truro said. "The preachers are too strong for me," cried he. If he sometimes

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upbraided them for their "railing at the Church" (1751); if he sometimes declared that it "would be a sin" to separate from the Church (1756); if he said, "Be Church of England men still, do not cast away the peculiar glory which God hath put upon you, and frustrate the design of Providence, the very end for which God raised you up" (1758, and again in 1790); yet surely account must also be taken of his many contrary sayings, and of his still more contrary actions, in the direction towards schism. The division of his preachers and his societies into two parties, a Churchly and a sectarian, already existed in germ in his own individual doctrine and actions. Ever since his "conversion," and his odd attribution of German national *Gemüthlichkeit* to heavenly grace, he had been inwardly dividing himself into Canon Hockin's John Wesley the Churchman, and Dr. Rigg's John Wesley the Wesleyan. The correspondence of the devoted parish priest, Samuel Walker of Truro, with the Wesleys in those critical years of the Methodist movement 1755 and 1756, fills up a missing link in the history of the evolution of the schism. Had he not already planted the anti-social seed of separation in the English parishes by implicitly claiming any parish into which he sent his lay-preachers as a mere subdivision of his own individualist papacy?—"the world is my parish." This pontifical claim of John Wesley to an extraordinary place and office in contemporary Christianity, which at first was mere rhetoric, was afterwards perverted into logic. When, therefore, he and his lay-preachers asked, "Shall we separate from the Church of England?" they ought rather to have asked, as Samuel Walker wrote in 1756, "Shall we make the separation we have begun a separation in all forms?" The starting of "raw, disqualified, and sadly misbehaved" lay-preachers, as the Evangelical parish-priest of Truro thought many of them to be, was already "a separation in part, inasmuch as it offends against one of the greatest ends of our Church establishment." Wesley could scarcely expect that every zealous clergyman would take the lay-preachers by the hand. "The most he can do," said Walker, "is not to forbid them. And so there must be two disunited ministrations of the Word in the same place by people who yet do call themselves of the Church of England." So long as the lay-preachers owned no authority above them except John Wesley, and had no commission except from him, "Wesley and the Methodists," said Walker, "will live on the brink of a perfect separation." And there will never be wanting those among you who are calling out for it." Writing to Charles Wesley before the Conference, Walker said:—"It is evident that he (John) is not easy in his own mind under the present irregularity, and so sees the necessity of either laying the preachers aside or making them a separate Church. While on the one hand his conscience will not digest a separation, on the other, he had too great a hand in setting the preachers up to think of pulling them down." He, like Charles Wesley, saw that "the forward movement," as it is now called by the heirs of these lay-preachers, was at the root of the violation of neighbourly unity and charity. "There is much to be undone, especially the forwardness of an untroubled spirit among the preachers, who, however highly they think of themselves, are but poor judges of what they are called to confer upon, and will make a sorry figure at the head of a separation, should they obtain it." Samuel Walker was not so wonderful a man as Wesley was; but the event has proved him to be a better seer, and that the strength of English religion lay then, as it always must lie, in the quiet in the land.

#### ARTHUR MACMURROUGH KAVANAGH.\*

NEVER, perhaps, has there been a more striking subject for a biography than Arthur Kavanagh. Fortune had given him so much that he might well have resented the spite which had cursed so many blessings. He had high birth and an easy fortune, no ordinary power of mind, a fine face, and a magnificent torso. His manners were singularly winning, and he had rare conversational gifts. But malicious Fortune had denied him legs and arms; he was more than deformed. Most men in his circumstances would have turned to misanthropy, or at least have resigned themselves to sullen and murmuring inaction. Highly gifted, and consequently sensitive as he must have been, he might have naturally shrunk from vulgar ridicule. But Kavanagh had courage of the highest kind, as well as indomitable and inexhaustible mental and physical energy. He never showed his courage more than in mixing manfully with his fellow-men, and putting himself forward in public affairs. In fact, he seems to have resolved from the first that he should strive to act like other people. It is to be regretted that in Mrs. Steele's interesting biography she does not explain how Kavanagh overcame to so wonderful an extent his abnormal physical defects. Perhaps she hesitated as to touching what the surviving members of the family may have felt to be a sore or delicate subject. Happily the explanations are given by the writer of an article in *Blackwood* for March, who must evidently have known Kavanagh well. He not only delighted but excelled in shooting, and he was devoted to hunting and yachting. As a rider, indeed, he

carried courage to foolhardiness, and we believe that the members of the County Hunt finally protested against his appearance in the field. Not that they were not delighted to see him there, but, as he was strapped to his saddle and absolutely helpless, they were always apprehensive of a fatal accident. It helped to make a hard life easy to him that he was blessed with the natural buoyancy of an Irishman, and a steady flow of animal spirits. A relative who gives her impressions of his early boyhood declares that he was always one of the merriest of companions; and Mrs. Steele says his cheerfulness never failed till he had been broken down by ingratitude, disappointments, and ill-health.

Kavanagh was born a younger son, and it might be curious to speculate how he would have turned out had he been left in that position, and with very moderate means. As it was, through the deaths of his two elder brothers, he succeeded early to the family estates, which were large, though somewhat embarrassed. Thenceforth he had an assured place in society, and a sufficiency of money. The one and the other were invaluable to a man afflicted as he was, for they opened up to him an active public career, and enabled him to avail himself of the openings. His education had been peculiar, but eminently practical and serviceable. Sending the little cripple to a public school was out of the question, but *en revanche* he had travelled far and wide. His early letters from Egypt were those of a bright and healthy boy, full of the sport, the social humour, and the scenery; they show at the same time the literary instincts and easy style which he turned afterwards to excellent account. When he came back in his seventeenth year, we hear of feats on horseback in the old deer-park at Borris which remind us of those of Lever's "Charles O'Malley." Once when he had come to grief at the formidable wall, he was found lying insensible under his horse, strapped as he was to the saddle. That was the time of Smith O'Brien's rebellion. The cripple of Borris volunteered himself for scout duty, and would ride out after dark to observe the movements of the "innies." Once the mounted patriots saw him and gave chase; but Kavanagh, crossing country on his favourite hunter, soon distanced his pursuers. Shortly after that he accompanied his elder brother on a tour through Central Asia, Persia, and India. The journals and letters relating his varied experiences are interesting and exciting; but what strikes us most is the matter-of-fact way in which he assumes that he is physically equipped like other people. When he talks of tramps through the jungles, we are inclined to forget that he tramped on the four legs of a shooting-pony. And when he goes out tiger-shooting, even though elevated on an elephant, we ought to recollect that he must have been tied hard and fast into the howdah, and absolutely helpless if the tiger made a spring. As for hardships, he rather revelled in them. He shakes himself and wakes up all the fresher of a morning when covered with a single blanket and with snow an inch thick; and, although he could not dismount to stretch his legs, he congratulates himself on keeping the vital spark alive when facing a blizzard, driving sleet and hail. We do not for a moment mean to insinuate that he exceeded, but he took his liquor like a good old Irish gentleman, which is synonymous with strong proclivities to good-fellowship. Once in Persia, when in a singularly lamentable situation, he says, "Getting two bottles of port and one of arrack, we drank deep healths to our friends at home, wishing that they might never find themselves in such a plight."

His succession to the extensive family estates in 1854 opened to him new prospects and an enlarged sphere of usefulness. He had married his cousin the year before, and now he settled down as the squire at Borris. According to the concurrent testimony of friends, tenants, and dispassionate political opponents, there never was a better, more judicious, or more generous landlord. He not only attended to the material comforts of his dependents, but sought to teach them to appreciate the graces of life. He is said to have made the villages he owned the prettiest and most ornamental in Ireland. And at that time, before organized agitation and emissaries of the Land League had troubled the land, he was regarded with universal respect and affection. The proof was, that by universal consent he administered a rude and summary patriarchal justice. There was a venerable spreading tree in the courtyard of his mansion; thither he used to adjourn after breakfast, cigar in mouth, and seat himself, like an Oriental Cadi or the Civilian of the older Indian school who used to drive his spear into the ground near a village as a sign that the tribunal was set up there, when he had been breathing himself and his horse in a morning gallop after the wild boar. Kavanagh not only administered justice, but was consulted on the more delicate questions of love and marriage. His tenants styled him the "Father Confessor," and often paid him the worse than barren compliment of bequeathing sons and daughters to his guardianship. Public honours were rather thrust upon him than courted, although he was willing enough to accept them. First he was made Chairman of the Poor-Law Board at New Ross—a town which is the centre and capital of what has always been one of the most disaffected districts in South-Eastern Ireland—and then he was sent to Parliament as member for County Carlow. It was admitted by common consent that he filled that position with great credit to himself, and that he had done Ireland admirable service as a clear-headed, sagacious patriot. His maiden speech in the House was a marked success; it was upon the Amendment of the Irish Poor-Law, a subject on which he was thoroughly well informed. Subsequently he was always

\* *The Right. Hon. Arthur Macmurrough Kavanagh. A Biography.* Compiled by his Cousin, Sarah L. Steele. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

listened to with respect, as he was consulted on Irish affairs by the chiefs of his party. He had thrown himself heart and soul into politics, and had the double satisfaction of gratifying his ambition and feeling that he was doing useful work. The disappointment, then, was doubly bitter when his constituents rejected him at the election of 1880. Mrs. Steele says, and it is consistent with all we know of him, that what touched him most deeply was the ingratitude of the men he had consistently befriended and who had always been loud in their pretestations of attachment. Most of his own tenants had promised to support him—of course, they had been free to act as they pleased—but he declared that he did not believe more than fifty redeemed their pledges. He saw the hills about Borris blazing with bonfires to celebrate the victory of his rival, rejoicings which were certainly in vile taste, even if the majority had voted according to their consciences. His faith in human nature was shaken; after that he felt that few of his neighbours were to be trusted, and the rest of his existence was embittered. But, though shelved so far as public politics were concerned, it was not in his nature to sulk or to withdraw from active exertion. He became the extra-Parliamentary champion of the rights of property in Ireland; and the commanding position he asserted in the League of the Landlords is a remarkable tribute to his exceptional abilities. No man was more detested by the Land Leaguers, nor with better reason. It was he who is understood to have devised the system by which they were countered and checkmated in the devices which were to bring all the landowners on their knees by making distraint or eviction illusory. Some of the succinct, but carefully studied, State papers he left behind are models of sagacity and foresight. As, for example, long before stress of circumstances brought it about, he had foreseen and recommended the coalition of Conservatives and reasonable Liberals against the parties proposing to legislate for the disintegration of the Empire. Discredited and rejected by those who had best reason to appreciate him, his character had never stood higher with thoughtful men than when he died on the Christmas Day of 1889, after three years of suffering and depression, endured with characteristic resolution.

#### PERICLES.\*

**H**ISTORY, like Nature, is profoundly immoral, or rather unmoral. This is the lesson of Mr. Abbott's *Pericles*, a volume in a series called "The Heroes of the Nations." Pericles, as Mr. Abbott says, "destroyed a form of government under which his city attained to the height of her prosperity, and he plunged her into a hopeless and demoralizing war. These are not the achievements of a great statesman." Pericles, in fact, ruined Athens and the Athenians; but, had it not been for Pericles, the art and literature of Athens might never have been a possession for all time. We all, till we forget Greek and lose the sense of beauty, owe much to Pericles and Periclean Athens. Mr. Abbott's view agrees with that of Aristotle, in the recently discovered tract, which had not been printed when Mr. Abbott was writing. "Pericles first paid the juries, in his demagogic contest against the wealth of Cimon," says Aristotle. What Pericles did was this:—being a member, though a poor one, of a noble house, he placed himself at the head of a Radical party, which ruined the Court of the Areopagus. He made the lower classes into corrupt and litigious loafers by his institution of paid and permanent juries. He embroiled Athens with her allies, by calmly appropriating their ship-tax to the decoration of his own city. He brought Athens into strife with Sparta, and then shut the rural citizens up within the walls, fearing a conflict in the open field. He thus prepared a fit soil for the germs of the plague, and he demoralized the agricultural population. He associated with a foreign courtesan, whom no Athenian lady could meet, and his chief friends were an "advanced" foreign philosopher, Anaxagoras, and a mere artist, whom no Greek gentleman could acknowledge as an equal, one Phidias.

This is a pretty severe indictment, but not word of it can be denied. Pericles paved the way for Cleon, for dishonesty, litigiousness, brazen rhetoric. He helped to shake the foundations of religion, while with money perverted from its public purpose he was building temples and giving orders for statues. It may be said, on the other side, that he was no personal parasite of the Demos. He never cut down trees in public, nor lectured in railway stations. He had "a stately reserve," and he only once, in all his life, attended an evening party. But he struck heavy blows at international honesty, at religion, at the family, at the strong sobriety and propriety of antique Athens.

Yet, by the non-moral processes of history, the conduct of Pericles made art and the drama possible. We owe the Parthenon to him, and the Elgin marbles, which we also owe to the Greek Government. To him, in some degree, we owe the flourishing condition of the drama, and Euripides, and Aristophanes. He made Athens a splendid despot, a tyrant city, supported by slave labour and the malversation of the funds of allies. He watered and tended the city that was "The Rose of Greece" till she became a hot-house plant of brief and brilliant bloom. This is the

conclusion to which Mr. Abbott, perhaps unwillingly, leads us. All these things are now part of accomplished fate, nor can one guess whether, had Pericles never lived, Athens would have retained the old virtue of her Marathonian warriors. It is not certain that she would have resisted the many causes of corruption without Pericles; it is certain that without him she could not have conferred on art and literature all the benefits which a tyrant city, even more than a single tyrant, can give. In elevating Athens beyond what was normal and natural for a Greek city, Pericles, as Herodotus would have seen, aroused Nemesis and prepared her downfall. But it is to the overweening tyranny of Athens, and to Pericles's high ideal of what a city might be, that we owe great part of our debt to Greece. Out of the strong came forth sweetness. These are the general results of Mr. Abbott's book, which is not only a treatise on Pericles, but a very readable and attractive history of Greek affairs, from that famous dance of Hippocleides to the Great Plague. Mr. Abbott, we need not say, is a thoroughly well-informed writer. He has at his command the Greek sources, and the many German interpreters of the sources. If we may trust the new *Politeia* of Aristotle, and the notes, we must put 461 B.C., not 471 B.C., for the date of the ostracism of Themistocles. In other matters Mr. Abbott's work is little affected by the new information. Through the very complicated foreign affairs of Athens he steers his course swiftly, easily, and pleasantly. His book is a capital synopsis of a difficult period. He might have warned his readers (p. 349) that, in spite of Frere's rendering of Aristophanes, the Greeks had no cats. But this may seem to many minds a trivial anachronism. Mr. Abbott is not, unluckily, to be congratulated on the illustrations to his book. They are copies of coins, sketches of temples, and so forth, and they are reproduced by processes which do not succeed in combining "love of the beautiful with economy." Young American citizens must be reminded—it is a book published in America as well as here—that, in art, Progress is rather a failure, and that the marbles and bronzes of Greece cannot really be reproduced by the "processes" of Chicago. The plate from Dr. Leaf's photograph of Delphi is less unsatisfactory.

#### THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.\*

**I**T is necessary, in considering the late Dean Church's long-expected book on the so-called Oxford Movement, to make certain considerable allowances. We say the "so-called" Oxford Movement, because the author himself, from some preliminary observations, seems in vindicating to have rather doubted the appropriateness of the term, because no single man had more to do with its origin than Hugh James Rose—a light not of Oxford but of Cambridge—and because, though practically the whole battle was fought out on the Isis, a certain resentment, neither unnatural nor illegitimate, has sometimes, it would seem, been felt on the banks of other rivers at the touch of "accapuration" involved in the title. We speak of the allowances, because it may be remembered that this is not a book sent to press, or even prepared for press, by the author. Dean Church had had it set up for his own private satisfaction nearly seven years ago, had made large alterations in part, and less definite ones in other parts, had written a preface, and had, as far as we may judge, settled the proem and peroration, two admirable pieces of that sober, unadorned English of which he was one of the latest masters. But his present anonymous editors are careful to state that even the apparently revised proofs are only "as far as can be judged" completely revised; and we have ourselves noticed in these very papers a few cases of present tenses and other things which we do not think the Dean would have left as final.

Yet after these allowances are made a certain feeling of disappointment—that chastening disappointment which had all along known its doom—may be felt with the book. Its form is a little unfortunate to begin with, being less that of a regular history than that of a succession of mainly personal sketches. In part this is due, no doubt, to the nature of the subject; in part it may be adduced to explain why the Dean never did that "great book" on something which his admirers used to demand. But in part, also, we think it had a semi-accidental and particular origin not hard to understand. The date at which these sketches were written, their tone, and some covert but easily intelligible hints in them, seem to us to show beyond doubt that Mr. Mozley's *Reminiscences* were the exciting cause. Now in that extremely amusing but almost maddeningly desultory book (which in parts is a mere dust-bin and waste-heap of odds and ends), one of the few things which preserve the reader from howling idiocy in a sort of blizzard of scraps is the author's occasional, though not invariable, habit of grouping his reminiscences of the same person into a sort of portrait. Dean Church followed this, and thus we have entire chapters devoted nominally to Keble, Hurrell Froude, Isaac Williams, Charles Marriott, and W. G. Ward, during most of which chapters the "Movement" ceases to be a movement at all, and becomes a standstill. These chapters are in themselves very interesting. Some may, indeed, doubt whether the quaint and

\* *Pericles*. By Evelyn Abbott, M.A. New York and London: G. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

\* *The Oxford Movement*. By R. W. Church. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.



amiable figure of Charles Marriott has not rather disproportionate room in the volume. But Keble has never been portrayed *dans son naturel* so well; and Isaac Williams, who was not only a type, but to some extent a victim of the Movement, deserved his place. It is, however, most interesting, and not, we think, really surprising, to find how tender Dean Church, the very pattern of scholarly sobriety, is to the two *enfants terribles* of the affair, Hurrell Froude and W. G. Ward, the former of whom he did not know personally, though memories of him were thick at Oriel when Church came there, but the latter of whom he knew very well indeed. He palliates their extravagances, defends the publication and the contents of the *Remains*, asserts strenuously that Froude was loyal to the death, and though he apologizes neither for the tenor nor for the form of the *Ideal of a Christian Church* (the dullest and worst-arranged book that ever came from a man whose wit and intellectual powers have both been extolled to the skies), he is still very kind to Ward. We own that we find considerable difficulty in agreeing with him in either case. Both men, though different enough in some ways, seem to us to have agreed in possessing the childish fault of delighting to shock people at any cost, and the worse than childish fault of meddling with matters about which they had no sufficient learning. Both committed the heinous—the, in politics and religion, almost unforgivable—crime of flinging about firebrands, and saying, “Am I not in sport?” Froude, as a young man even at his death, and as committing his eccentricities chiefly in conversation or in private letters, is, of course, much the less to blame; nor does he underlie the heaviest of all charges against Ward—that, being in himself a kind of intellectual gladiator able to keep his own head at any weapon, he took delight in foiling and baffling those who were, so to speak, fighting for their lives in matters of faith. However, as we say, Dean Church has made strong fight for both, and the Dean would not be a bad advocate to have at the bar where these things are judged.

Another point which must puzzle and disappoint readers, at least till they remember the date and circumstances of the book's composition, is the limited and almost gingerly reference to Newman. This, however, becomes intelligible enough when one remembers that the Cardinal was alive and a friend of the writer's both when these papers were originally written and till within a very few months of the author's own death. It was almost impossible that a man of such perfect literary manners as Dr. Church should write of another with any frankness in such a case. The references to Pusey, too, though most appreciative and just, are, save in one case, neither very frequent nor very full, and give the idea that the Dean was not one of the very few people who really enjoyed that great man's intimacy. Indeed, we think that the book would have gained if it had been limited to a history of the close of the Movement, which the Dean knew thoroughly, in which he was, by virtue of his ever-famous exercise of the Proctorial veto in the matter of Tract Ninety, *pars maxima*, and which he writes about with that subdued quiver of personal interest which agitates some of the greatest historical literature, and which is so different at once from the lifelessness of the mere analyst and from the gush of the unrestrained and unscholarly memoir-writer.

The loss of these parts of the book would be a very great loss indeed. Nowhere, we think, has the stupendous highhandedness and injustice of the proceedings against Pusey, which ended in his suspension from preaching for two years, been exposed with such force. Even here the procedure—as of a Council of Ten—observed by the Vice-Chancellor and his Six Doctors on the occasion, prevents a full exposure, which may or may not appear in the forthcoming Life of Pusey himself. It ought to be sufficient to know what is certain—that, with an effrontery worthy of the wildest Inquisition of Protestant fancy, Dr. Faussett, Pusey's accuser, was made one of his judges, that no hearing was allowed to the accused, that the very charges and the grounds of condemnation were never made known, and that Dr. Pusey, a Canon of Christ Church, a Regius Professor, and, by consent of friends and foes, a man second in learning and character to no member of the University, was actually suspended from preaching before that University for a length of time without the University itself being in any fashion informed of the reason, or even of the very fact, of condemnation. We can easily pardon Dean Church if, in the face of such monstrous tyranny as this, and of the less monstrous but almost equally tyrannical persecution of Newman and Ward, he uses in regard to the Evangelical leaders language which is very strong; stronger, indeed, than we should have expected from him, or than perhaps he would have himself finally approved. We think, for instance, that his better judgment would have effaced a sentence in the unrevised part which says of Dr. Symonds, the Warden of Wadham, that he was “supposed not to be over scrupulous.” Dr. Symonds, who long survived these broils, held opinions with which we have not the slightest sympathy, and undoubtedly endeavoured, sometimes with success, to enforce them with a pedagogic highhandedness which was most deplorable. But “not over scrupulous” implies moral obliquity—conscious moral obliquity—with which we never heard him charged. It is, however, difficult for any one, and most of all for an actor in these jars, to treat with perfect historic calmness the frantic despotism with which the majority of the Heads of Houses during the Tractarian contest endeavoured to put down men far abler, more learned, and more orthodox, than themselves, and the apparent harm which they did was ruinous. We say apparent, for we have some doubt

whether the ebullition of impatience which sent, with one great and some good persons, the froth and scum of the party to Rome, did not purify and strengthen the remainder. But no thanks to the Heads of Houses for that. We must add that Dean Church's own expression of something not unlike this conviction (though he does not formulate it) in the beautiful passage which we have called his peroration, and which describes the feelings of the faithful remnant after the schism, is, without any pomp or parade of language, a masterpiece. And we are glad to see that—as we ourselves did shortly before the appearance of his book, in reviewing Newman's letters—he dwells on the want of historic view in the seceders as the cause of their fall.

Yet we have not got our history of the Movement in this book; and in Dean Church we have lost almost the last man specially qualified to write it, in the view of those who insist on personal information. For ourselves, we have not inconsiderable doubt whether such a history was ever to be expected from any such person. It is at least generally much more the business of the participator in events to supply materials than to utilize them. He is too much interested to be really impartial; too much impressed with particular, and sometimes minor, circumstances to acquire that accurately perspective view of the whole which is, much more than so-called impartiality, the historic gift of gifts. It may be that after the death of the last man who was “out in the Forty-five” in this new sense—the last who voted for or against Dr. Symonds's Vice-Chancellorship, for or against stripping Ward of his gown, who heard the *Nobis procuratoribus non placet* with relief or indignation, and was told to his dismay or triumph of the visit of Father Dominic to Littlemore, there will arise some one to do the work. It may even then be postponed. But it will be done some day, and when it is, it will be the fault of the doer, not of the subject, if it yields in importance and interest to any passage of Church history.

#### AN OLD SHROPSHIRE OAK.\*

WHEN in reviewing the first volume of *An Old Shropshire Oak* we said that we should look forward to those which were to succeed it, we were not quite prepared for that which was to follow. We did not then know that the proportion of chaff to grain, already more than sufficient, would be enormously increased in its successors, nor had we realized the fact that the old Shropshire oak was to be made a peg on which to hang a history of England, and that one of the most rambling ever written. Although in the two last volumes there is much that is well worth the trouble of research, we cannot say that they are as good as the first, and, making due allowance for the possibility that one volume of this sort of thing may be all very well, while four may be a little too much, in the same manner that an inveterate talker may be an amusing visitor for an evening, but a bore if he stays for a week, we consider that there is an intrinsic falling off in the later volumes of this work.

One great difficulty in getting through the book, as we hinted in our first notice of it, is to remember what year one is reading about. In the middle of a chapter the author will casually mention some such circumstance as that the beginning of a certain year was rough and cold, and then he will gabble on about all sorts of more or less irrelevant subjects, quoting from English, Latin, and Greek authors, and discussing the affairs of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Presently, perhaps several pages further on, he will suddenly say:—“It was in this year that so and so took place.” In the meantime the reader, unless extraordinarily attentive—and who could be attentive in reading such a meandering book as this?—has forgotten what year it was that began by being rough and cold. We hope that we are in time to suggest that in the next edition of these volumes it would be well to put the year at the head of each page. Historic events all over the world are dragged in by saying that “the news was brought to Hanwood,” or that “reports reached the valley.” We will take an example at random:—“On October 16 poor Marie Antoinette was guillotined, and the horror felt through the valley was great. The old oak shuddered to its roots when the passers by dilated on the murder.” So far as our review is concerned, the author's accounts of, or opinions upon, the Reformation, the characters of the various kings and queens of England, Oliver Cromwell, the Pretenders, the Letters of Junius, the French War, John Wesley, and many other matters, historical and otherwise, which have about as much to do with an old Shropshire oak as with a young Sussex yew, shall be dismissed without further comment. We only propose to notice a few specimens of his remarks upon things which, if they have nothing to do with an old Shropshire oak, have at least more or less connexion with its neighbourhood or its county, and we venture to think that if this comparatively relevant matter had been winnowed from the pile of manuscript, and published by itself, it would have made one small book, which would have been infinitely more acceptable than these four large volumes.

“It was about Easter in 1584” that a certain Philip Hewson brought down to Shropshire a new root called *Batata*, which was

\* *An Old Shropshire Oak*. By the late John Wood Water. Edited by Richard Garnett, LL.D. Vols. III. and IV. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1891.

the original sweet potato, the forerunner by about twenty or thirty years of "the root we now so much prize." About sixty or seventy years later "the then Rector of Hanwood" "betook himself to drinking a concoction very recently introduced, called 'cofa.'" Now is this fact or fiction, so far as it relates to "the then Rector of Hanwood"? We have chronicles of the weather for nearly every year during several centuries, great frosts, great storms, hot summers, droughts, and deluges being faithfully recorded. The historians of Shrewsbury describe a fearful storm "in the year 1593-4," when the upper part of the steeple of St. Mary's Church "was removed out of its place towards the south about five inches," so that it would have been dangerous to ring the bells, "which were the pleasantest and comfortablest ring of bells in all the town." Stow says that in the neighbouring capital of "Stafford town," the steeple was "rent in pieces along through the midst and thrown upon the church, wherewith the said roof was broken," and that more than fifty steeples in Staffordshire "were perished or blowne downe" in the same gale. A very wet summer followed, and in August a fast was held at St. Mary's Church, Shrewsbury, with a view to obtaining an improvement in the weather. "Such goodly sermons" were on that occasion "made of the preacher, to the comfort of all the hearers, that they contynewyd from 8 of the clocke of the morning until 4 of the clocke at nyght, and never came owte of church." If the principal church at Stafford was wrecked by the fall of its steeple in a gale, a venerable old church at Shrewsbury was ruined by the fall of its tower, from another cause, nearly two centuries later. In 1788 dangerous cracks were observed in the north-west pillar under the tower of St. Chad's. "For a thousand years this grand old church, notwithstanding many changes, had withstood all the shocks of time"; nevertheless, on the appearance of these cracks, the congregation began to lose confidence in it, and many "ceased to attend." The churchwardens called in the, afterwards, celebrated engineer, Telford, who was so convinced of the "alarming state of the church" that he even urged the churchwardens to adjourn for discussion to some safer place, where there would be "no danger of its falling on their heads." He advised that the tower should be immediately taken down, that the shattered pier should be rebuilt, that the decayed timbers of the roof should be renewed, and that other precautions should be taken in respect to the nave and the north-west wall. Instead of doing these things, the churchwardens acted upon the suggestion of a stonemason, and, to use a vulgar phrase, "cobbled" at the infirm pier, with the result that one afternoon, just as the bell of the clock was striking four, it gave way. "The tower was instantly rent asunder," and the greater portion of it, "falling on the roofs of the nave and transept, all that part of the venerable fabric was precipitated with a tremendous crash." Some four years later Shrewsbury sustained the loss of another of its ancient monuments in its old Welsh Bridge. "My Talking Friend," as the old oak is called, says of this:—"Pity it was that so noble an old structure had to be pulled down, with its fortified gates and towers." "No doubt the arches were defective, and it was very narrow, but the old oak timbers in the towers would have stood for ages." We read here that Leland calls it "the greatest, fayrest, and highest upon the Streame," "having six great arches," and "at the end of it a great Gate to enter by into the Towne, and at the other end towards Wales a mighty stronge Towre to prohibit enemies to enter into the Bridge"; while Archdeacon Owen laments the destruction of one of its gates in the following terms:—"Under an unhappy prejudice that it endangered the safety of the bridge, this beautiful and curious gate, the chiefest architectural ornament the town possessed, was demolished by order of the Corporation, to the regret of every person of taste, and every lover of antiquities acquainted with the transaction." Many visitors to Shrewsbury, and probably not a few Salopians, may be unaware that the statue of Richard Duke of York, the father of Edward IV., and some curious old shields which are placed at the end of the market-place, formerly stood over this gate on the Welsh Bridge.

Among the Shrewsbury notabilities mentioned here is Churchyard, the poet, who wrote of the very bridge just described:—

Full from Welsh bridge, along by meddowes greene,  
The river runs, most fayre and fine to vewe;  
Such fruitful ground as this is seldome seen  
In many parts, if that I hear be true.

Even the few quotations given in this book show that this poet of three hundred and fifty years ago was as fond of alliteration as any modern rhymester. "Shall Sallop say," "Both borne and bred," and "Aweary of those waiting woes awhile he left the war," are instances in point. Another Shrewsbury man who distinguished himself in literature was Sir Philip Sidney, the author of *Arcadia*, whom Hallam calls "the first good prose writer in any positive sense of the word." A Shrewsbury boy who attained a very different celebrity was the notorious Judge Jeffreys, who was eventually made Baron Jeffreys of Wem, a small town about ten miles from Shrewsbury. The naval hero, Admiral Benbow, was the son of a Shrewsbury tanner; accordingly his brave deeds are faithfully chronicled in this Shropshire book. Although a monument in honour of another Admiral—Admiral Rodney—on the top of the Breidden Hill, can be seen from the immediate neighbourhood of Shrewsbury, its subject was not a native of Shropshire. The tall monument, however, which stands in the outskirts of Shrews-

bury, in commemoration of that great soldier, Lord Hill, reminds Salopians of a Shropshire man of whom they may well feel proud, and the author has endeavoured to do justice to his memory. Another military hero from Shropshire was Lord Clive of Styche, and his sorrows are mentioned here as well as his successes. Apart from the great Lord Hill and certain Royalties, few visitors to Shrewsbury ever received a greater ovation than Dr. Sacheverel, when from five to seven thousand horsemen rode out to meet him at Montford Bridge. Some of the Shrewsbury clergy objected to so public a tribute in his honour, but sent to tell him that they would visit him quietly in the evening. This did not please the Doctor, who declared "that he would have no Nicodemuses." King Charles I. not only visited Shrewsbury, but borrowed 600*l.* from the town before leaving it; and King Charles's oak—the oak of Oak-ball Day—which stood at Boscobel, about halfway between Shrewsbury and Lichfield, might have been grown and made famous for the express purpose of affording matter for the author of *An Old Shropshire Oak*. Another Stuart, King James II., touched for the Evil at St. Mary's Church, Shrewsbury, in 1687. Some details are given of Dr. Johnson's visit to Shrewsbury, and it was in that city that the famous flea incident took place, which led to his remarking to the man who told him the anecdote:—"It is a pity, sir, that you have not seen a lion, for a flea has taken you such a time that a lion must have served you a twelvemonth." That celebrated Shrewsbury man, Charles Darwin, comes in for occasional notice, and he appears to have been a schoolfellow of the author's, but he was living at the time the fourth volume was written; and it would have been impossible to give a full account of him as a Shrewsbury celebrity in this book. We noticed in our review of the first volume of this work that the spelling of names of places was not invariably correct. In these later volumes also, either the author, or the editor, or the printer, has not escaped difficulties. For instance, he (whoever it may have been) fails in attempting the Welsh name *Llangedwyn*, which he spells *Llangeiwyn*. Two lines further on he tries again, and this time he is a little nearer the mark with *Llangadwyn*. In conclusion, we have only to express our regret that, to use one of the author's own quotations, we cannot say that in the two last volumes we are altogether

Pleased with that social, sweet garrulity.  
The poor disbanded veteran's sole delight,

although the veteran was a man of very wide reading, a good scholar, and an agreeable companion.

#### THE ARTHURIAN LEGEND.\*

PROFESSOR RHYSS'S book on the Arthurian Legend is rather remarkable for learning than for lucidity. The origin and development of the stories of Arthur are among the most obscure of literary and linguistic topics. The world of specialists here is very limited, and we wish that Mr. Rhys had taken this into account when he planned his book. Arthur, like Argo in the *Odyssey*, is interesting to all men, almost; but very few men know the dates and sources of the Irish and Welsh mythological collections, the *Mabinogion*, the *Triads*, and so forth; while even those who have the dates of the French Arthurian romances at their fingers' ends are not many. If Mr. Rhys had devoted a chapter to a clear and simple preliminary statement of sources, his readers would have been obliged to him. We cannot quarrel with him for "the use of some of the terms" and fancies "of the Solar Theory" in mythology. But it is never quite clear how far Mr. Rhys goes with the solar theory, by which we mean the hypothesis that, mainly by analysis of divine and heroic names, proves most gods and heroes everywhere to be derived from the sun. "We are possibly on the eve of a Revolution in respect of mythological questions, as Mr. Frazer's *Golden Bough* seems to indicate," says Mr. Rhys. The Revolution, we think, has been accomplished. There remain, of course, troops of myths about the Sun; but the habit of losing almost every mythical figure in the sunlight has been sorely wounded, at least in France and England.

The general result of Mr. Rhys's book, as far as we understand it, is to discover in the mediæval Arthurian legends the old Celtic divine myths in a Christian and chivalrous disguise. About the correctness of this theory we have no doubt, and the details are often, though not always, convincing. First came the old Celtic myths of this world and the next, the land of Hades; then came the French travesties of these; and, finally, the foreign romances reacted on the later Welsh versions, such as the story of Geraint and Enid. "The *Triads*, on the whole, give us the earliest account of Arthur, and this in a form which the story-tellers and the romance-writers found thoroughly intractable and best ignored." The materials of the Arthurian cycle "must have been there from time immemorial." Here a lay reader naturally asks, What is the date or dates of the *Triads*? Mr. Rhys's book would have been far more generally serviceable if he had started with a chapter on the sources.

As to Arthur, there probably was a historic person, and also a Brythonic divinity named Arthur, after whom the man was called—like the spirit Brewin, and the medicine-man Brewin,

\* *The Arthurian Legend*. By John Rhys, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1891.



in Australia—or the divine and human names “may have become identical in sound owing to an accident of speech.” The god Arthur “would probably have to be regarded as a Culture Hero.” Culture heroes are the mythical persons who introduce the arts, as Prometheus, Yehl, Maui, in Greece, America, New Zealand. We much doubt if they have, as a rule, any connexion with the Sun. There is, we think, nothing of the culture hero in Arthur. The institution of the Round Table is not to the point; if he really led expeditions to Hades, so did Odysseus, and men now or lately living in New Caledonia, like the Aztec Princess of Cortes’s time, are said to have made the same journey. Wainamoinen, the Finnish culture hero, visited Hades, but every one who visits Hades is not a culture hero. Is Lycurgus a culture hero, because he, like Arthur, introduced a common table? Perhaps he is, but no one says that Arthur brought in any of the arts, like Maui and Prometheus. And what, in the name of the Cymmrodorion, has the Round Table to do with the feast of the gods among the Ethiopians? There are tables and tables. To hint that Arthur’s Scottish campaign is equivalent to a visit to Hades is not the way to conciliate the Scots! In an argument on this matter (p. 11), Mr. Rhys’s grammar is difficult, nor are we persuaded that the romantic account of Arthur’s subjugation of Western Europe is “founded on the mythic invasion by him of Hades in the character of Culture Hero.” It looks much more like a refraction from the legend of Charlemagne. The incest of Arthur is explained as “owing to the Culture Hero having been thrust foremost into the position of an older personage—that is, of him, who, as the Zeus of Greek mythology, marries his sister Here.” But such marriages are perfectly familiar as old human institutions—for example, among the Incas, and in the Egyptian royal family. Where all is guesswork, one guess is nearly as good as another. Mr. Rhys sees this; he has treated Arthur as a culture hero, but “it is quite possible that he should, in fact, rather be treated, let us say, as a Celtic Zeus.” On the whole, he prefers his own plan. We can hardly hope that such obscure problems will ever be settled, nor do we feel a strong temptation to side with either or any hypothesis. A good deal is said of an Irish mythical lady, Etain, whose love affairs were complicated by those which she had gone through in a previous state of existence. She turns into a fly, falls into a cup of wine, is swallowed, is re-born. All this is very like the fable of Zeus and Metis; or, again, like the way in which the younger brother in the old Egyptian *conte* is re-born, the son of his own wife. Mr. Rhys does not remark on these parallels. Has Etain of Ireland any connexion with “The Red Etin of Ireland”? Probably there is a mere accidental similarity of names. The Dawn is born afresh, so was Etain, therefore Etain may be the Dawn, and so, for all we know, may be Bitou, whose re-birth in Egypt exactly answers to that of Etain. As she has a husband aboveground, and another underground, she rather reminds us of Persephone than of the Dawn. The name Arthur yields no certain results to Mr. Rhys’s etymological researches. In this it resembles Artemis, Achilles, and old proper names in general. Guinevere’s capture on May Day may answer to the Rape of Persephone, and her recovery by Launcelot may correspond (far from closely) to the tale of Orpheus and Eurydice. But can a remark of Chrétien de Troyes in *Le Chevalier de la Charette* be taken as representing any older mythical statement? He says of Melwas’s kingdom that it was a country

dont nul estranges ne re’orne :  
Mès par force el pais séjourne  
En servitude et en essil.

Is this necessarily Hades, and had Chrétien any Celtic authority? The two bridges to the land in Chrétien are very like those in most myths of Hades.

Mr. Rhys’s arguments for a solar ring (p. 97) seem to us particularly weak; but then we are not prejudiced in favour of solar origins of things in mythology. There is a ring in one story of a serpent, a lion in another. The Welsh words for lion and light are very nearly similar. Thus one serpent had a ring, the sun, another had a lion, light, and what more does a solar mythologist want? And when did the Welsh come across llew = lion = Leo, we presume? We have “no confidence” here. Also, Galahad may mean Summer Hawk, and that may be a solar bird, like the hawk of Ra. Here all is mere conjecture piled on conjecture, we can neither prove nor disprove anything. Mr. Rhys quotes for the Sun Hawk, Porphyry, from Preller, but he does not tell us what race Porphyry is speaking of, while there may be divers theories of animal names applied to the sun. Mr. Rhys is most entertaining in his theory of the chastity of Galahad and Percival. The Welsh and the Normans did not value chastity in men. Were the knights sun-heroes, therefore heroes before the age of the passions? Cúchullain did not *always* meet the advances of ladies, but he may have said, like Partridge in *Tom Jones*, *Non omnia possumus omnes*. He had a taboo on him not to look on a naked woman, but we hardly think that all this explains the comparative chastity of Welsh heroes, or of Galahad, or bring Galahad nearer to a solar hero. But, in all such discussions, much depends on our frame of mind. If we are shy of solar heroes, the arguments seem far from convincing. If we believe in solar heroes, they may seem more conclusive. Mr. Rhys’s derivation of the origin of the Grail from various Celtic magical vessels is very much more plausible. His identification of knightly names in Mallory with Celtic

heroic names is often satisfactory. He does not succeed in making Cúchullain seem very like Heracles in his labours; the analogies exist, but they are not very close. If Mr. Rhys does not always reason cogently, he always reasons fairly, and by no means expects instant conviction to be produced by his arguments. As we have said, they will have different weight with readers of different parties, like arguments in general. His defence of the share of Celtic character, genius, and legend in English literature is patriotic, and is also successful. Arthur has been far more to us than Dares Phrygius, or the Charlemagne or Alexander sagas. Our literature has been more akin to the Celtic than the Teutonic type. *Beowulf* has been nearly valueless to us, Arthur has deserved all that the preface to Mallory’s book says in his praise.

#### NEW PRINTS.

WE have received from the Fine Art Society a print of unusual interest. It is an etching of Frederick Walker’s “Prisoner at the Bar,” a picture to which a curious history attaches. It was the only contribution sent by Walker to the Royal Academy of 1871, immediately after his election to be A.R.A. Wholly different in character from the work which had just secured him his place in the body, it was understood that it met with very little sympathy from the Hanging Committee, who, obliged to reserve a place on the line for it, banished it to the worst they could find, in a corner of the Lecture Room. The critics took, at first, a not less unfavourable view of it, and at the close of the exhibition it remained unsold. The legend ran that when the canvas was returned to him, the artist, in a fit of spleen, scratched out the entire head of the principal figure, and left it in that mutilated condition. We believe that the truth is that when, four years later, Walker died, it was found that the picture was still in his possession, but that with his palette-knife he had removed one eye and a portion of the cheek, doubtless to make an alteration which the shattered state of his health never permitted him to carry out.

The picture was seen to be a superb one, but its practical utility was destroyed by this misfortune. At last, after much discussion, Mr. Robert Macbeth was invited to carry out the slight necessary work of restoration, and after much hesitation he consented to do so. We believe that he did this with great success, and in close sympathy with the genius of Walker. It is the picture so restored by Mr. Macbeth which has now been etched by Mr. J. Walter West, whose name has hitherto been known to us only as that of a figure-painter. Mr. West’s etching is a skilful one, and gives an excellent impression of the light and shade of Walker’s sombre and even tragical painting. The black-haired woman, with eyes wide open and drawn mouth, who clutches the rail in front of her, as she looks up with a hunted expression, is on her trial for murder. A sullen, low-browed gaoiler half dozes in the gloom under the bar. A strong light floods the head of the prisoner, but almost all else is in deep shadow, save such points of illumination as the bunch of rue on the edge of the bar, and the nervously projected shoe of the woman. The etching does not modify the impression which the picture made on us twenty years ago, that the haunting beauty of the highly illuminated head is all that justifies what would otherwise be a singularly empty canvas.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE do not think that the exceedingly amusing and instructive volumes which M. Alfred Franklin has for some years been publishing on old France, and which we have noticed from time to time, are by any manner of means as well known in England as they deserve to be. The volumes now before us are the eighth and ninth (1), and the seven which have preceded them dealt respectively with the toilet, with street cries and advertisements, with cookery, with ways of measuring time, with trade guilds, with manners at table, and with what some call ædile affairs. A more curious medley of information than the work contains is seldom to be found, and it is worth mentioning that M. Franklin joins to that faculty of catering for the general reader, which is sometimes thought to belong to bookmakers only, an amount of learning which no bookmaker can possess, and a still more unbookmakerlike gift of critical sense. The short passage in one of these books in which he shows cause against Despois’s too hasty dismissal, even more hastily accepted by some English critics, of the *en cas de nuit* story as impossible, and then with much *esprit* admits that he does not believe it himself, is very workmanlike and agreeable. Of his present volumes, the gastronomic one is of the most deulutory kind, but certainly not less pleasant for that. The equipment of dining-rooms and dinner-tables, the time of meals (a question often very hastily written about, and dealt with here by M. Franklin in a masterly manner), the history of compulsory fasting, the *Roi soleil* at his meals, and, lastly, a chapter on toothpicks, make up the tale, and an ingenious tale it is. The other volume gives the history of the great Corporation of Apothecaries, and then goes

(1) *La vie privée d'autrefois : variétés gastronomiques. Les médicaments.* Par Alfred Franklin. Paris: Plon.

to medicaments proper, respecting which divers, and not infrequently disgusting, though curious, things are recorded. Not the least interesting item is a list of the famous "patent medicines," as we should now say, of the last century, many of which, as in England, are still in fair vogue.

We are afraid that it would not be very easy to put the finger on a recent monograph written by an Englishman on a foreigner, and exhibiting such patient research as M. Edmond Bapst's (2) monograph or pair of monographs on George Lord Rochford (Anne Boleyn's brother) and the poet Surrey. The odd thing about it is that, maugre his title, his chief, if not his whole, interest seems to be in them not as literary men, but as historical and political characters. Indeed his first page, which does in a manner deal with literature, contains about the most disputable statement in his book. He writes:—

On peut alléguer l'exemple de Sackville, de Bacon, de Granville, de Bulwer, de Macaulay, de Tennyson et d'autres encore qui grâce à leurs écrits sont entrés dans la Chambre des Lords; mais tous ces auteurs, abstraction faite de leurs productions, étaient susceptibles d'obtenir la pairie en raison soit de leur grande fortune, soit de la position sociale qu'ils occupaient, soit encore de leur participation aux choses de la politique. Un écrivain qui n'a que son seul bagage littéraire ne parvient à la noblesse pas plus en Angleterre qu'ailleurs.

Now, nothing is more certain than that Sackville was not made a peer *grâce à ses écrits*, unless it be that there was nothing in Lord Tennyson except his *bagage littéraire*, which was in the least degree likely to procure him a peerage. But these things M. Bapst could not, perhaps, find in books; whatever he could so find he has studied with remarkable care, and in most cases in which we have tested him with remarkable accuracy. We must especially praise his short notes of personal identification and biography—things which are now specially attended to by French historical students, specially useful to the reader, and, we fear we must add, specially neglected, as it would seem, by English writers.

Another, and even more remarkable, example of the zeal with which Frenchmen now devote themselves to historical subjects may be found in the latest work of M. Louis Wiesener (3), already known among us for his *Jeunesse d'Elizabeth* and his book on Mary and Bothwell. M. Wiesener has explored the Record Office, he has sojourned at Oxenford and examined the Stair Papers at their home, and he has read all the printed books. Mr. Lecky may smile a little at the particular compliment which M. Wiesener pays him in describing his "esprit de large compréhension" of religious and political questions as "digne de Macaulay," but that does not matter. The book is an exceedingly minute history of the relations between France and England from the death of Anne to the Treaty of February 1717; and the two points which it brings out chiefly, and in the most novel light, are the diplomacy of Stair at Paris, and the conduct and statesmanship of Dubois. Of this last much-abused person, M. Wiesener professes himself not to be an intentional whitewasher; but he expressly declares his complete disbelief in all the worst charges against him, and gives a decidedly favourable account, not merely of his abilities (these have not often been denied), but of his character as a statesman.

M. Houdard's *Premiers principes de l'économie* (4) has the merit of being written with extreme clearness and simplicity, and of being less combative than expository.

M. Maus's tractate (5) is an examination and refutation of the new Italian "criminology." It is a good work, and we may let everything go in it without too naturally scrutinizing agreement in detail.

M. Louis Figuier's well-known *Année scientifique* (6) has made its thirty-fourth appearance. There is no more useful book of the kind, and none whose reputation is better established.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

**THE English Rediscovery of America**, by John B. and Marie A. Shipley (Elliot Stock), deals with certain questions discussed by Mrs. Shipley in a previous volume—*The Icelandic Discoverers of America*—when the writer, then Miss Marie Brown, was revealed as a vigorous opponent of the historical claims of Columbus to the discovery of America. This little book was succeeded by an energetic campaign in the States of Canada, in the course of which Congress was petitioned, learned bodies in New England addressed, and lectures delivered, in support of the claims of Leif Erikson and other Scandinavian voyagers. In the present volume Mr. and Mrs. Shipley protest vehemently against the celebration of what is absurdly and officially styled as "Columbia Exposition," which is to take place at Chicago next year. In the name of historical truth is their protest. Who was Columbus? What did he accomplish? These questions are summarily disposed of by the authors.

(2) *Deux gentilshommes poètes de la cour de Henry VIII.* Par Edmond Bapst. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Le régent, l'Abbé Dubois, et les Anglois.* Par L. Wiesener. Paris: Bachellette.

(4) *Premiers principes de l'économie.* Par A. Houdard. Paris: Guillaumin.

(5) *De la justice pénale.* Par Isidore Maus. Paris: Alcan.

(6) *L'Année scientifique.* Par L. Figuier. Paris: Hachette.

Columbus was a mere tool in the hands of the Church as to all that concerned his enterprise, and in the hands of Pinzon as to all that relates to navigation. Finally, he did not discover America, or, to be exact, the United States; for there is nothing to show that he ever touched the mainland. He was little better, says Mr. Shipley, than a pirate and slave-trader, "a sort of Zobeir Pasha of his time." He availed himself of knowledge acquired in Iceland in 1477, and "simply followed Leif Erikson, and imitated his achievement 500 years afterwards." A pretty discoverer, truly, was Columbus, who set out to rediscover territories formerly well known, and concealed his designs by pretending he was in search of a westerly route to the Indies! Now in all this there is something in the error of overstating a good case. Columbus did not simply follow Leif Erikson, though this is probably what he would have done if he had learned of the Abbot of Helgafell, during his voyage to Iceland, any really valuable information concerning Erikson's early voyages and discovery. If in 1477 he had this exact knowledge of Erikson's route to the New England coast, would he not have preferred to attempt, from Bristol, say, a route of which he knew somewhat, to the unknown perils he actually did adventure? But he made no such attempt, nor is there any evidence that he ever alluded to it as a possibility. What the Cabots did in 1497, Columbus could surely have accomplished in 1492, or earlier. Moreover, he was meditating voyages of discovery years before this visit to Iceland, which is supposed to have stimulated his action—somewhat tardily, it must be admitted—in 1492. After all, the importance of events is to be measured by their influence. The voyages of Icelanders were fruitless, for the so-called traces of their occupation of "Vinland the Good" are exceedingly faint and dubious, whereas the voyages of Columbus set all Western Europe astray with schemes of discovery and colonization. But if an Eriksonian or Icelandic "exposition" at the "World's Fair" is impossible, owing to the political forces at work, as Mr. Shipley insists, there is no great reason, we think, for regret.

*Black America*, by W. Laird Clowes (Cassell & Co.), is a collection of letters on the negro in the United States that recently appeared in the *Times*. Though there is nothing new or not widely known in the facts of the negro "problem" or in the solution suggested by Mr. Clowes, the chief aspects of the question are presented with undeniable force and clearness in this volume. Especially striking are the sections devoted to describing the political and social fruits of abolitionism subsequent to the passing of the Reconstruction Acts ("The Ex-Slave as Master" and "The Ex-Slave as he is"). The situation is neatly summarized by Mr. Clowes. Since the sentiment of abolition was gratified by granting negro suffrage, the blacks have never exercised their rights as citizens, excepting during the Reconstruction period. In three States they already outnumber the whites, and it is estimated that in ten years they will form a majority of the population in at least two other States. What will happen, asks Mr. Clowes, if they should determine to exercise their rights at the pollings, from which they have hitherto been illegally excluded? Especially, what would happen if they are "backed by all the resources of the North"? Unspeakable horrors would result, Mr. Clowes thinks; horrors worse than the late war, and infinitely worse than the "guerilla race-war" now in progress. But Mr. Clowes has scarcely taken into account the extreme improbability of the North backing the negroes and coercing the Southern whites. And he does show that the Northern whites hold views on this question that are almost identical with those of the Southern whites. Even old abolitionists and other friends of humanity are by no means wedded to that logical conclusion of abolition—negro suffrage—as they once were. What prospect, therefore, is there of a solid North backing the blacks? None at all, it seems to us.

Edited by Mr. Albert Bushnell Hart is a new History of the United States, "Epochs of American History," to be completed in three volumes, the first of which, *The Colonies: 1492-1750* (Longmans & Co.), by Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, is a compact little volume, "complete in itself," and provided with excellent maps, useful bibliographies, and a full index. The history of colonization in the United States is admirably set forth by Mr. Thwaites in this skilful summary.

Mr. Lewis Wright's treatise, *Optical Projection* (Longmans & Co.), deals with the use of the lantern in exhibition and scientific demonstration, both by way of exposition and experiment. The various lights, gases, screens, lenses, and all other accessories employed in scientific optical apparatus—the lantern itself and all that pertains to the art of demonstration—are comprehensively treated, yet in a style that is invariably simple, clear, and practical. Mr. Wright's book is one of the most interesting and readable of scientific treatises. It contains many excellent diagrams of instruments, apparatuses, and of the various experiments of the author that illustrate the phenomena of light, heat, polarization, magnetism, electricity, and so forth.

Professor W. C. Roberts-Austen's *Introduction to the Study of Metallurgy* (Griffin & Co.) is a guide for students that differs from other English works on the subject in that the author does not deal with the important metals separately and in detail. He treats the subject as a whole, "choosing typical appliances, and indicating their use in connexion with groups of metals." Comprehensive, indeed, is the scope of this volume. There are chapters, all well illustrated by diagrams, on the physical properties of metals, on alloys, thermal treatment, fuel, furnaces, materials and agents, typical processes.

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Mr. Charles McRae, in his sketches of the lives and labours of Hippocrates, Aristotle, Galen, Vesalius, and Harvey—*Fathers of Biology* (Percival & Co.)—is moved by the laudable design of correcting the fallacy, rife among the young, that the "facts" of science have all been recently established by observation and experiment. His little book is well calculated to establish a different faith in young students of physiology and anatomy.

*A Lady's Letters from Central Africa*, by Jane F. Moir (Glasgow: Maclehose & Sons), describes in a pleasing style the writer's experience in the Shire highlands, at Ujiji and other portions of Lake Tanganyika. Mrs. Moir shared the dangers and anxieties that befall pioneers and missionaries in strange lands. Her letters give a graphic picture of the not very recent days when Nyassaland was not a British possession. Now the Arab slave-dealer rides on his raids no more, and the African Lakes Company reigns in his stead.

*The Official Year-Book of the Church of England* (S.P.C.K.) for the current year reveals in all sections a highly satisfactory record of work and progress, especially notable in such fields of activity as Church Extension, Missions (Parochial), Church Building, School Statistics, and Educational work.

Among other year-books and volumes for reference we notice *The Clergy Directory*, a very useful handbook (J. S. Phillips); *Bourne's Handy Assurance Manual* (Liverpool: Bourne); *The Year Book of Treatment for 1891*, an excellent summary and review of medicine and surgery (Cassell & Co.); *The India Office List, 1891*, compiled from Official Records (Harrison & Co.); *Burdett's Official Intelligence for 1891* (Spottiswoode & Co.), compiled under the sanction of the Committee of the Stock Exchange, a valuable manual of information regarding all Home and Foreign Securities, &c.; and *The Newspaper Press Directory for 1891* (Mitchell & Co.).

Among new editions we have the *The Little Duke*, by Charlotte M. Yonge (Macmillan & Co.); *A Dead Man's Diary*, with a preface by G. T. Bettany (Ward & Downey); *Oldbury*, by Annie Keary (Macmillan & Co.); *Wild Beasts and their Ways*, by Sir S. W. Baker, in one volume, illustrated (Macmillan & Co.); and Miss Mitford's *Our Village*, with an introduction by Mr. Ernest Rhys (Walter Scott), a delightful addition to the "Camelot" series.

We have also received Vol. IV. of the Jubilee edition of the *Illustrated History of England* (Cassell & Co.); Mr. P. W. Claydon's *England under Lord Beaconsfield*, third and popular edition (Fisher Unwin); *Heat as a Form of Energy*, by Robert H. Thurston (Heinemann); *A Short History of Clent*, by John Amphlett, M.A. (Parker & Son); *A History of Askriq*, by the Rev. C. Whaley (Skellington); No. 38 of the *Journal of Philology* (Macmillan & Co.); *Lessons from the Old Testament*, senior course, by the Rev. M. G. Glazebrook (Percival & Co.); *The Scope and Method of Political Economy*, by John Neville Keynes, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); *Outlines of Ethics*, by John Dewey (Ann Arbor, Michigan: Register Publishing Co.); *The Victory of Love*, by F. Nevill (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, & Co.); *Order in the Physical World*, translated from the French by T. J. Slevin (Hodges); *In the Shadow of Etna*, a record of a tour in Sicily, by Emily A. Richings (Wells Gardner & Co.); and *Lily Leaves: Sacred Aerostics*, arranged by M. S. S. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.).

## NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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LYCEUM.—THE BELLS, this Saturday Evening, March 28, and Monday, 30th (Easter Monday), at 8.45, preceded at 8 by THE KING AND THE MILLER. Next Tuesday and Saturday at 8. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Next Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, at 8.15, CHARLES I. MATINEE, Saturday morning, April 4, at 2, THE LYONS MAIL. Box Office (Mr. J. Hunt) open daily 10 to 5.

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In September there will be an examination for Entrance Scholarships in Natural Science in value from 50 to 100 Guineas, for which Students who enter in May are eligible to compete. Classes are held for the Preliminary Scientific Examination of the University of London. Fee, £10 10s., which will be returned to any member of the class who enters as a perpetual pupil. Gentlemen who enter for this course count their medical studies from the time at which they commence their attendance on the Lectures on Anatomy and Physiology.

The Medical, Surgical, and Obstetric Tutors assist the students in preparing for the final examinations.

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Applications for admission during the ensuing Session must be made to the Warden.  
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WESTMINSTER SCHOOL. — AN EXAMINATION to fill up Vacancies on the Foundation and Exhibitions will begin on July 7. — For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER, Dean's Yard, Westminster.

SHERBORNE SCHOOL. — ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS. Fifteen will be competed for on April 2 and 3. Particulars from the HEAD-MASTER.

ROSSALL SCHOOL. — ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, Senior and Junior. About Thirteen, varying in value from 40 Guineas to 410 a year, will be awarded by Examination held at Rossall and at Oxford on April 1, 2, and 3. For particulars apply to HEAD-MASTER, Rossall, Fleetwood.

OAKHAM SCHOOL. — FOUR HOUSE SCHOLARSHIPS, two of £40, two of £30, on April 9 and 10. There are valuable leaving exhibitions to the Universities.

WOOLWICH and SANDHURST. — PREPARATION in GERMANY. — Colonel H. BRADLEY ROBERTS (R.F.P. R.M. Artillery, for several years of his active service employed as Professor and Examiner by the Admiralty, Knight of the Legion of Honour and Medjidie) and Messrs. Gurney and Adams (Cambridge B.A.s, with a strong staff for Modern Languages, &c.) Prospectus and List of Successes forwarded on application.  
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A COURSE of SIX LECTURES on "THE ORIGIN and GROWTH of the IDEA of GOD as ILLUSTRATED by the COMPARATIVE HISTORY of RELIGIONS" will be delivered in French by Count GORLET D'ALVIELLA, Professor of History of Religions in Brussels University, at the Portman Rooms, Baker Street, on the following days: — Wednesday, April 15, Thursday 16, Monday 20, Tuesday 21, Monday 27, and Tuesday 28, at 5 P.M. Admission to the Course of Lectures will be by ticket, without payment. Persons desirous of attending the Lectures are requested to send their names and addresses to Messrs. WILLIAMS & NORGATE, 14 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C., not later than April 11, and as soon as possible after that date tickets will be issued to as many persons as the hall will accommodate.  
 The same Course of Lectures will also be delivered by M. d'Alviella at 90 High Street, Oxford, on each of the following days: — Friday, April 17, Saturday 18, Wednesday 22, Thursday 23, and Thursday 29, at 5 P.M. Admission to the Oxford Course will be free without ticket.

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Application must be made on the form annexed to the Prospectus, and accompanied by a deposit of £5 per Cent. in money, or an approximate amount in convertible Bonds, unless subscribers prefer to deposit all their Bonds when making application; the whole of the Bonds furnished with all Coupons subsequent to April 10, 1891, must be delivered as soon as the Scrip is ready to be given in exchange, and the failure to deliver them in due course will render the deposit on application liable to forfeiture.

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An accumulative Sinking Fund will reimburse these Bonds at par in 60 years, by yearly drawings to take place in London in September of each year, and repayment will be made on October 10 following the drawing. The first drawing will take place in September, 1891. The Government reserves the right to increase the Sinking Fund after April 10, 1892.

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